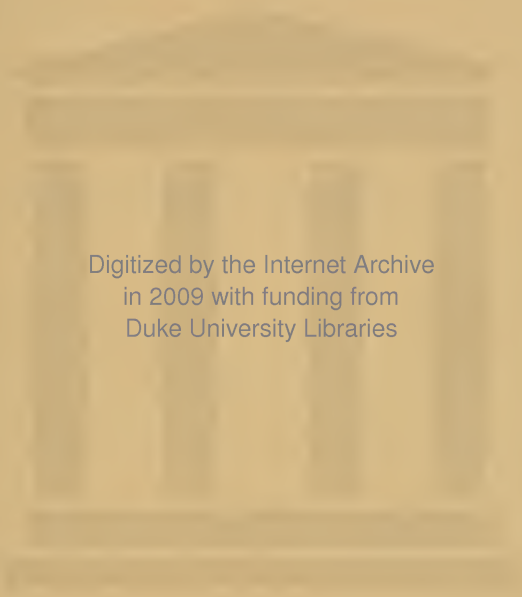


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BROUGHAM CASTLE.



A NOVEL.

10-26

Printed by J. Darling, 31, Leadenhall-street, London.

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BROUGHAM CASTLE.

A Nobel.

~~~~~  
IN TWO VOLUMES.  
~~~~~

BY JANE HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF AUBERRY STANHOPE, ETHELIA, CASTLE OF TYNE-
MOUTH, WARKFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not. SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

—>>>●<<<—

London :

Printed at the Minerva Press for

A. K. NEWMAN AND CO. LEADENHALL-STREET.

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1816.





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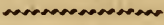
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## BROUGHAM CASTLE.



### CHAPTER I.



THE traveller who, in making the tour of the celebrated lakes in Cumberland and Westmoreland, carried with him a taste for the beauties of nature, and a veneration for the monuments of antiquity, would view with considerable interest, and will remember with correspondent associations of pleasure, the extensive ruins of Brougham Castle, situated near the borders of the last-named county, on the banks of the river Eamont, and not far from its confluence with the Lowther. Perhaps no part of

the island of Great Britain affords a more sublime and beautiful prospect than that which the heights of this once-lofty edifice have commanded. The rich and highly-cultivated vale of Eden opens to the east, terminated, at the utmost verge of the extensive landscape, by the high hills of Yorkshire; and to the north-east closed more nearly by the towering heights of Crossfell; to the north, beyond the sweetly-winding Eamont, rises the neat town of Penrith, with its ruined castle and lofty beacon; to the north-west, the bridge of Eamont, with the little hamlet to which it gives name. Nor do the venerable remains of Maybrough, the sacred temple of the Druids, form the least-interesting feature in this lovely scene. To the west are the verdant groves of Brougham Hall, which, from its elevated situation and enchanting prospect, has been emphatically styled "*the Windsor of the North*;" but it is more frequently called in the neighbourhood

hood "*Bird's Nest*," from a Mr. Bird, who was once its owner. In these points of view the long vista is closed by the Alps of this country—lofty Skiddaw, huge Helvellyn, and mighty Saddleback, contending for pre-eminence, like the three rival goddesses on Ida's top. To the south, the ancient woods of Lowther spread their extensive shade. Nor has the eye which contemplates the beauties of the varied and elegant map, thus spread before it, to wander over an uninteresting or unpleasing foreground. The rocky and abrupt steeps of Whinfield Park hang over the winding Eden and rushing Eamont, crowned with stately groves, where oak\*, fir, beech, and ash, intermingle the varied verdure

B 2

of

\* In this park are oak trees of a very large size: three in particular were called the Three Brothers, the smallest of which is still standing, or at least was so a few years since; it measured forty feet and a half in circumference, and was esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in England.

of their foliage. The red stony soil of which these broken banks are formed, contrasts finely with the lovely green which clothes them, and with the clear streams which flow at their feet, where the trout and the silver eel find a pleasant home, and by whose margin the wild ducks weave their lonely nest; the fallow-deer, with their sleek coats and branching horns, bounding through the glades, give animation to the picture. Amid the grassy knolls which pasture them, the mingled blossoms of the hawthorn and the whin shed their fragrance, and give shelter to the woodland songsters; while the solemn-voiced rooks find a habitation in the loftier branches above, and even the royal eagle has been known to build his aerie in Whinfield Park.

Mrs. Radcliffe, in her "Observations during a Tour to the Lakes, &c." says that Brougham Castle "is rendered more interesting by having been occasionally the

the residence of the humane and generous sir Philip Sydney, who had only to look from the windows of this once-noble edifice to see his own Arcadia spreading on every side. The landscape probably awakened his imagination, for it was during a visit here that the greatest part of that work was written."

Such a circumstance is indeed calculated to throw a spell of fascination over any scene; for the eye of taste and refinement delights to wander among places which have been the resort of persons distinguished for genius and virtue.

The lady Mary Sydney, sister to sir Philip, was the mother of Philip earl of Pembroke, who became possessed of Brougham Castle in right of his wife, the celebrated lady Anne Clifford\*, daughter of George earl of Cumberland.

B 3

To

\* The names of those celebrated ladies are dear to every reader of taste. Who but recollects the subject of that charming epitaph — "Sydney's sister — Pembroke's

To describe the shattered remains of Brougham Castle, as they now stand, would convey little pleasure to the reader; neither would the description remain accurate for any length of time, as the ruins are diminishing almost daily, by the removal of the stones for the purpose\* of erecting or repairing buildings

broke's mother!" whilst few females of the seventeenth century appear with brighter lustre on the records of biography than Anne countess of Pembroke. That fine memorial of duty, reverence, and affection, which she displayed in erecting a pillar on the spot of her last parting with her mother, is noticed by Mr. Rogers in his beautiful poem of the "Pleasures of Memory;" nor was there ever a more striking instance of tender affection which had survived the circumstance forty years.

\* A considerable portion of Whinfield Park is now in tillage. In the year 1778, a person following the plough there found a fibula, or clasp ring of pure gold. It is of curious workmanship, weighs nineteen pennyweights, and is encircled with the following motto:—

*To ye then my thought I plight,  
And to ye Mary, his moder bright."*

Mr.



ings belonging to the adjacent farms.  
More pleasing will be the task of tracing  
B 4 the

Mr. Hutchinson, in his "History of Cumberland," has given an engraving of this antique, and, concerning the motto, observes—"This comprehends a vow of troth and marriage, of which the ring has been the pledge. The words, *his moder bright*, want some elucidation, to show they correspond critically with the vow, and prove the gift was for female use; but what part of a woman's garment was clasped by a fibula is difficult to determine. The words, *his moder bright*, mean *his excellent maiden or virgin*. Bright is an old English word of common acceptance. Moder is a corruption of the Danish word *moer*, signifying a virgin or maiden; the people of Norfolk in some measure retain the word to this day. Norfolk was given to the Danes by king Alfred, 876; it was totally inhabited by them, and their customs, laws, and speech, were there used. They call virgins and young maids *moer*, as Olaus Wormius testifies. Fas. Dan. lib. 1. c. 6. This, by the ignorant rustic, is corrupted, they pronouncing, instead of *moer*, *moder*. Dr. Cowel's Glossary."

This elucidation is by no means satisfactory. If we  
are

the history of a being who once inhabited those now-desolated walls, whose joys

are to understand the second line as addressed to Mary, an excellent maiden or virgin, to whom are we to apply the pronoun *his*? If to the father of the young lady, the ring must have been presented to *him*, consequently was not intended for female use; and of course there does not need any conjectures as to what part of a woman's dress was fastened by such an ornament, though it may be observed that one seldom sees a representation of an ancient Grecian, Roman, or British female, whose drapery is not clasped on the bosom, shoulder, or sleeve, by somewhat of a similar form to that now under consideration.

That *moer*, corruptly pronounced *moder*, is a term by which the ignorant people in Norfolk call young girls, may be very true (though such corruptions are usually made by *contracting* words, not *enlarging* them); but unless it could be proved that the motto of the ring found in Whinfield Park was the production of an ignorant Norfolk rustic, what light does such a definition of the word *moer* throw on the subject?

A more probable solution appears to be, that the *first* line only is addressed to the lady, and that in it the lover plights his faith to her, while the *second* contains a solemn



joys and whose sorrows are recorded in the following pages.

In the spring of the year 1636, a married couple of the name of Crosthwaite obtained permission to take up their abode in some of the deserted apartments of Brougham Castle—a favour which, it is probable, was granted them at the solicitation of the steward, or some other chief domestic, of the nobleman to whom the edifice then belonged.

Crosthwaite was the son of a schoolmaster at Aldston, in Cumberland, whose veneration for Grecian literature was so

B 5

great,

lemn vow to the Virgin Mary that he will keep that faith sacred. His mother, or the mother of God, are appellations frequently given to the Virgin by Roman Catholics. *Moder* is the old English way of spelling *mother*; and as there is full as much probability that the motto was the composition of a native of Westmoreland as of Norfolk, a very cogent argument may be drawn from the vulgar pronunciation of Westmoreland and Cumberland; for, by the lower classes in those two counties, the word *mother* is invariably pronounced *mudder*.

great, that in selecting a name for his heir, he chose that of the reputed founder of the Greek alphabet.

Cadmus did not disgrace his illustrious appellation; his passion for letters was at least equal to that of his father. Nature had not endowed him with a very extensive capacity, but his habits of unremitting industry and application—habits which are frequently a much better substitute for genius than genius for them—amply atoned for this deficiency; and at twenty his acquirements, such as they were, recommended him to the notice of Mr. Ponsonby, a gentleman in the vicinity of Carlisle, who took him under his protection as an assistant to his steward.

In this family Cadmus continued seven years; at the conclusion of that period sir Thomas Dacre, a young baronet, who had been the pupil of his father, and the associate of himself in the studies and amusements of early youth, made him  
an

an offer of accompanying him in a tour on the Continent. This proposal was accepted with gratitude and pleasure. The parents of Crosthwaite were now dead, and he had no earthly attachment greater than that he felt for the Dacre family.

They resided in Germany and Italy about three years, and were preparing to return home, when they were prevented by the illness of sir Thomas. His disorder originated in a cold, and terminated in a consumption, of which he died at Naples, after lingering nearly twelve months.

Cadmus truly mourned his loss, for he had been to him a sincere and valuable friend. His brother and successor, sir Robert, was a man of a very different character; and though Crosthwaite respected him because he was a Dacre, little intercourse passed between them after the business concerning the affairs of the deceased sir Thomas was finally adjusted.

Cadmus, as has already been said, sincerely regretted the death of his friend, and wrote a monody on the occasion; and that the reader may duly appreciate his talents, he is here presented with an extract from this sublime composition.

“ Could stentorophonic woe, or lachrymation,  
Restore the object of my lamentation,  
I with my grief would lancinate the evescent,  
Or weep, like Niobe, till lapidescent.  
But that, alas! would never suscite  
The form occluded in the grave by fate!  
Sorrow, indulg’d too long, is fascinatorous;  
To angustate its auresis is glorious;  
And, as the immortal part is indestructible,  
I find that this conclusion is deductible—  
That to lament a friend, however lief,  
Until the face is candicant with grief,  
Is but a phrenetick periclitation,  
From which the wise seek disincarceration.”

Crosthwaite, soon after his return to England, accepted the situation of steward to a Mr. Sibbald, who resided in the county of York.

During

During his residence with this gentleman, he annually made a journey to Westmoreland, to receive the rents of a small estate belonging to his master in the neighbourhood of Brougham Castle, which was leased to a farmer of the name of Blamire, a man far advanced in years, and of a disposition so sullen, morose, peevish, and discontented, that an unmarried daughter who resided with him had a most uncomfortable life. Amassing money was his chief pursuit and sole delight; and provided he attained the end, he was not very scrupulous about the means.

This avaricious disposition involved him in several petty disputes with his neighbours, which ended at last in a total cessation of all intercourse between them and Blamire, to the infinite mortification and discontent of his daughter Prudence, who had a particular attachment to the faculties of hearing and speech, from the use of which she now  
felt

felt herself entirely precluded, except on those days when she attended Appleby or Penrith markets; not that any of those who had quarrelled with her father included her in their resentment—far from it; her cheerful, friendly disposition made her generally esteemed; but Blamire would not permit her either to pay or receive any visits in the neighbourhood.

It will easily be supposed that the periods at which Mr. Cadmus Crowthwaite made his annual appearance were looked forwards to by the father and daughter with very different sensations; the gentleman anticipated, with heartfelt agony, the approaching diminution of his cash-bag, and the lady painted to herself, with delight, the fresh stock of anecdotes which awaited her, and the complaisant attention with which hers would be listened to in return. Her best bacon and eggs, her choicest cranberry tarts, and the finest cowslip  
wine



wine in the county, were always stored for Mr. Crosthwaite; nor could she have taken a more effectual method of paying her court to him, for Cadmus was a firm disciple of that part of the Epicurean philosophy which enjoins the gratification of the palate. He admired the good housewifery of Prudence, thought her cookery excellent, and every time paid his visit with augmented pleasure.

Some years wore over in this manner, during which the attachment on both sides imperceptibly gained strength. At length Cadmus perceived that a separation must shortly take place between old Blamire and his money, and sagaciously considering, that when the precious metal should become the property of the fair Prudence, it would impart such a magnetic power to her numerous charms and good qualities as could not fail to attract all hearts, he wisely determined to secure the shining prize in time.

With all proper formalities he declared

red his admiration—with all due decorum the declaration was received ; but as the old gentleman might possibly take it into his head to refuse his consent, they very prudently provided against a refusal by a private marriage.

It was doubtless their intention to shortly acquaint their parent with the step they had taken, but death prevented them, for he expired suddenly two days after the event had taken place, and his daughter and son-in-law became the undisputed inheritors of his earthly possessions.

Cadmus and his bride were not very inconsolable for the loss they had sustained, and were soon sufficiently collected to decide on their future plan of life. The lease of the farm was nearly out, but as Cadmus had been a faithful and valuable servant to Mr. Sibbald, that gentleman consented to renew it on the same terms—a favour which, it is probable, he would not have granted to another ;



other; for he loved money almost as well as his late tenant had done.

Cadmus having obtained this concession from his landlord, would not at present venture to encroach for more; and as the house on the farm could not be made comfortable without the expenditure of a much larger sum than he believed Mr. Sibbald would be willing to disburse for its repairs, he solicited the permission which it has already been said he obtained, and took up his residence in Brougham Castle, a situation very convenient for him, the chief part of his grounds laying immediately in its vicinity.

This arrangement was not quite so agreeable to Mrs. Crosthwaite; she was dreadfully afraid of those mischievous little beings denominated fairies, who are known to inhabit old buildings, and who, as fame reports, have, from time immemorial, abounded in mountainous, woody,

woody, and mineral countries; but as there was no alternative, the old house being no longer habitable, Prudence was compelled to reconcile herself to the idea of residing among those formidable pigmies.

The apartments which they found in the best state of repair were on the eastern side of the Castle, where the prospect opens delightfully over the vale of Eden. A large parlour, wainscotted and floored with oak, was chosen for their sitting-room; in this was placed the best articles of their furniture, which had been augmented by some new purchases; the smallest of several rooms near the foot of the grand staircase was occupied as a kitchen; the chamber immediately above this was chosen for their own apartment, while one of those which had been the principal sleeping-rooms was prepared for the reception of occasional guests, and a yellow damask bed, which  
was

was one of the ancient appurtenances of the Castle, was furbished up to grace it. The tapestry of this room, which represented the death of Julius Cæsar, was a source of inexhaustible delight to Cadmus, who idolized every vestige and semblance of antiquity ; nor did he ever suffer a week to pass in which he did not brush off every particle of dust, and chase the obtrusive spiders who dared to profane this precious relic.

Such was the habitation which Mrs. Crosthwaite put in order with the nicest care ; and having nailed up every other door in the Castle, and carefully stopped the keyholes of those already enumerated, she flattered herself that the fairies would be effectually excluded. However, as there still existed a possibility that their slender forms might gain admittance by some unseen crevice, she wisely guarded against the terrible consequences of their well-known antipathy to

to a dirty house, by keeping hers in the most exact order.

But there was one circumstance which caused her infinite anxiety. Her husband had appropriated to his own use an apartment in the tower which formed the north-east angle of the Castle. Here he deposited his ample collection of urns, coins, statues, altars, fossils, minerals, maps, and books; and here he passed many of his leisure hours, much to the dissatisfaction of his lady, who, being well-assured that this remote tower was the chief haunt of the fairies, prognosticated that some fatal misfortune would infallibly ensue from thus intruding into their places of resort. Cadmus laughed at her fears, and persisted in retaining his study; and Prudence was at length compelled to yield the point, and reconcile herself to what she could not remedy.

Twelve months wore over, and few  
married

married people were happier than the Crosthwaites, though they differed materially in many circumstances of personal appearance, temper, and taste. Cadmus was of a low stature and broad make, with a visage formed on a large scale, strongly marked with the lines of reflection, and perhaps with those of time, for he was now thirty-nine. Prudence, two years his senior, formed an admirable contrast to her spouse, for she was tall, thin, and small-featured. The manners of Crosthwaite were grave and formal, to a degree bordering on austerity; those of his wife were cheerful and unceremonious. His disposition had in it such a mixture of the bitter and the acid as occasionally fermented into testiness, sullenness, and scoffing satire; she was one of the best-humoured creatures breathing; she had, besides, two very praiseworthy qualities—an ardent desire to receive information, and an extreme readiness to communicate it

to

to others; and as these laudable propensities had hitherto been kept in terrible thralldom, she now made herself ample amends by the perpetual exercise of her ears and tongue. Cadmus, on the other hand, was too well read in the precepts of both ancient and modern philosophy not to know that *there are two guards to our words, teeth and lips*; and that *a close mouth makes a wise head*; not but that he was ever ready to inform those who had the misfortune to be ignorant of the exact manner in which Xerxes passed the Hellespont, Hannibal the Alps, and Cæsar the Tiber, and that in language so much elevated above the common diction of his native place, that it was just as intelligible to his hearers as would have been that in which those celebrated commanders harangued their soldiers; but with regard to the transactions of the different families in whose service he had been, or to any affairs of his own, they



they must have been artful indeed who could draw from him a single syllable.

Now it happened that the spirit of inquiry which animated Prudence, or, to use a more ordinary phrase, her curiosity, had never been directed towards Xerxes, Hannibal, or Cæsar, of whom she neither knew nor cared any more than she did about the beings who inhabit the planet Jupiter; but the names of Ponsonby, Dacre, and Sibbald, were familiar to her ear. Their affairs came “home to her business and bosom,” and in no instance did she think her husband so unkind as when he evaded or crushed her inquiries concerning the transactions of those families.

However, though Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite differed in so many points, there were others in which they cordially agreed. They were both patterns of industry, and both rigid economists, yet ever ready to serve and oblige their friends to the utmost of their power ;  
nor

nor were they slow to discern or acknowledge the particular merits of each other. Prudence was convinced that Cadmus was the most learned man in the county, and Cadmus was certain that Prudence made the best butter and cheese, brewed the finest ale, and was the most skilful at potting char and moor-game of any wife in either Westmoreland or Cumberland.

## CHAPTER II.

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IN the second spring of their union Cadmus made a journey to Aldston, with the ostensible motive of visiting an aunt who resided there, and such other friends and relations as still survived. He neither made Prudence an offer of accompanying him, nor appeared to understand the hints which she dropped, that
it

it would be agreeable to her to do so. She knew it would be vain to inquire his motive for not taking her with him, and, like a dutiful wife, she submitted, remained at home, and took care of her farm.

The term of his absence, he said, would be ten days; but he did not return until double that time had elapsed; he appeared in good health, and said his friends were well also; but he was even more than usually grave and abstracted, yet not unhappy, as if some particular subject occupied his thoughts without much affecting his peace.

He frequently received letters from Aldston, and wrote answers to them; but the contents of those epistles he kept to himself, highly to the dissatisfaction of Prudence, who vainly tried every means to discover what so much engaged his attention.

A circumstance soon occurred, which, for the present at least, diverted the cur-

rent of her curiosity from her husband's affairs.

About five miles from Brougham Castle, in the direct road to Appleby, is a little village, called Temple Sowerby, from its having belonged to the Knights Templars, who were suppressed in the year 1312, after having been established in England nearly two hundred years. It was then given to the Knights Hospitallers, who retained it until Henry VIII. abolished all religious orders in his dominions.

This place, while held by these societies, had many important privileges bestowed on it; and, as no subsequent act of the monarch or the legislature had repealed those privileges, they continued, or were supposed to continue, in full force, and the village was resorted to as a sanctuary by those who had in any shape incurred the censure of the ecclesiastical court.

A few months after Mr. Crosthwaite's
return

return from his last-mentioned journey to Aldston, a Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, accompanied by a lovely little girl, whose rosy lips could plainly articulate the tender names of father and mother, arrived at Temple Sowerby, and took up their abode at a farmhouse until they could obtain a more permanent habitation; nor was it long before this was found. A small house and garden, both much out of repair, but capable of great improvement, being offered for sale, Mr. Rokeby became the purchaser.

A new settler is always an object of attention in a country village, more particularly in a place which is resorted to by those who would be amenable to the cognisance of the law, if they resided anywhere else.

It was generally understood that such was the situation of the Rokebys, and curiosity was actively busy in endeavouring to discover the transactions of their former lives; but report varied

c 2

considerably

considerably as to the crime they had committed. Some affirmed it to be bigamy, either the gentleman or the lady, as was said, being married when they formed their present engagement; and others, that not a prior marriage, but a prohibited degree of consanguinity, was the obstacle which this couple had disregarded in their union; though here, again, fame told the story with many variations, for every bond of affinity, consistent with their ages, was in turn said to be that in which Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby stood to each other; and when all those conjectures were exhausted without any certainty being attached to them, recourse was had to suppositions still more improbable.

No one was more actively busy on this occasion than Mrs. Crosthwaite; like an experienced judge, she sifted the report to the bottom, examined the evidence, and weighed the arguments, and the result of her inquiries was a positive
assertion

assertion that Mr. Rokeby was the uncle of his wife.

Though there certainly existed a possibility that this might be true, it was by no means likely, for he was not more than four years her senior; he was only about twenty-seven or eight; and, so far as the countenance and manners can be trusted as an index of the heart, both the Rokebys seemed incapable of infringing a law so agreeable to reason as that which prohibits the union of uncle and niece.

When they had been some time settled in their new habitation, curiosity subsided; their neighbours ceased to busy themselves with their affairs, and the different reports died away; indeed, whatever might be the cause of their taking refuge at Temple Sowerby, they were soon very generally esteemed there; for Rokeby joined to an elegant person and pleasing address much good sense and cultivation. Mrs. Rokeby was

lovely and gentle, and their little girl a sweet and engaging child. Their attachment was most fervent and passionate; indeed their chief happiness seemed to centre in each other.

Though they did not court society, they by no means secluded themselves from it, but received and returned the visits of such of their neighbours as chose to cultivate their acquaintance.

Of this number were the Crosthwaites, though the distance between their respective dwellings would not admit of a very frequent intercourse.

Rokeby thought Cadmus's peculiarities laughable enough, but found him a much superior companion, in point of information, to most of those who resided in the vicinity of Temple Sowerby; while Mrs. Rokeby, now become a rural housewife, was happy to receive from the notable Prudence instructions concerning the bleaching of linen and the rearing of chickens; and though Pru-
dence

Prudence frequently interspersed her lessons with expressions of wonder and curiosity about her former mode of life, which had been such as to keep her in ignorance of those important branches of female knowledge, yet the lady always evaded her inquiries, but she did it with such perfect gentleness and good-humour, that, though chagrined and mortified, she could not be displeased. Indeed, the elegant and polished manners of the Rokebys plainly evinced that they had been accustomed to move in the upper circles of society; and it was also evident, from both their way of living and their benevolent exertions in the cause of the unfortunate, that they possessed a sufficient share of the gifts of fortune to purchase every desirable comfort of life.

Such were the Rokebys. They had resided at Temple Sowerby but a very short time, when a circumstance occurred to attract the attention of Mrs. Cros-

thwaite much more powerfully than their concerns had done.

Late one evening, towards the close of summer, a person on horseback arrived at Brougham Castle, and delivered a letter to Mr. Crosthwaite.

From the dust which covered the traveller, it was evident that he had come from a considerable distance, and the foam which overspread his horse was a sufficient indication of the speed he had used; from hence it might be inferred that his errand was highly important; but of this Mrs. Crosthwaite had other testimonies. The frigid reserve which generally closed her husband's lips, so uncongenial to her own insatiable thirst for information, had induced her to study his countenance with unremitting attention; and she was now so great an adept in its expression, that she could, on most occasions, translate it with tolerable accuracy; and at this time her skill did not fail her, for she saw plainly that he

was.

was deeply grieved by the contents of the letter ; she also heard him say to the messenger, in a mournful voice—"Then there are no hopes ;" to which the man replied—"None, sir ; the doctor says she cannot live a week."

Prudence, on hearing these words, thought herself authorised to ask her husband if his aunt were ill ; to which he replied—"No."

"Whae then, Cadmus?" questioned she, in her quick Westmoreland dialect ; but she was little wiser for asking, for he directly replied—"A person you do not know."

He then desired her to give the stranger, who had by this time entered the Castle, some refreshment.

While he was taking supper, Crosthwaite sent orders to his hind, who lived at a little distance, to prepare his horse. He then beckoned Prudence to another room, and, while he adjusted his dress, desired her to put up some lit-

tle articles of linen for a short journey. This produced a natural inquiry of whither he was going?

“A little way from home,” was the reply.

“To Aldston?”

“No.”

“To Yorkshire?”

“No.”

“To Carlisle?”

“No.”

Prudence, out of all patience, was about to ask, in plain terms, whither then? when the horse was brought to the door, and her husband, after a hasty leave, departed with the stranger; and to the inquiry of Prudence, how long he should be absent? he replied—“Probably not more than a week.”

Amid the vain and fruitless conjectures of Prudence, as to whither her husband was gone, and on what errand, the week wore over, but without bringing him home.

Mrs

Mrs. Crosthwaite was surprised and alarmed; but when a fortnight closed without his return, she became anxiously uneasy. Communication by letter was in those days extremely rare and difficult, but she had determined on writing to the aunt of her spouse at Aldston, and was actually seated, with materials for that purpose before her, on the sixteenth evening of his absence, when the sound of a horse at the Castle gate roused her attention; she flew out, and, to her inexpressible delight, beheld her husband.

The excess of her joy for some time prevented her from noticing that he was not alone, and that he wore mourning; but when she permitted those circumstances to meet her observation, she exclaimed, as he put into her arms a lovely boy, about four or five years old — “Whae’s dead, Cadmus, and whae’s owe t’ bairn?”

With a sigh, which evidently came
c 6 from

from the heart, he replied—"I have lost a much-esteemed and respected friend, and—this boy will henceforth reside under our protection, and regard us as his parents."

The ambiguity of this reply did not altogether please Mrs. Crosthwaite; and as she led the child into the house, she repeated her question, but the answer she received was not a whit more satisfactory.

At this moment she formed an idea, which, whether just or not, was certainly natural; and as it was by no means her practice to suffer her ideas to vegetate in her own brain without transplanting them to those of others, she quickly made known the one which now struck her, by saying bluntly to her husband—"I fancy it's t' own, Cadmus."

As she spoke, she regarded Crosthwaite with an eye of rigid scrutiny, but his countenance wore no other expression than that of a slight sneer, while,

while, with his wonted dryness, he replied—"As you have proleptically consarcinated such a postulatum, the most discreet and consentaneous line of conduct you can pursue will be to act the part of an affectionate mother to him ; and I therefore desire you will commence your maternal career by giving him some refreshment, of which I also stand in much need."

The former part of this speech was just as intelligible to Prudence as would have been an ode of Sappho in its original Greek ; the latter part she had anticipated, and was spreading the table with her best bread, butter, milk, and birch wine ; the former articles she well knew how to render acceptable to her little guest, who, on his part, alternately surveyed the mansion and its mistress with looks of the most scrutinizing curiosity, and, drawing closer to Cadmus, rested his head on his arm.

"Art

“Art thou tired, Cyrus?” questioned he, stroking his head.

“Ceres!” cried Prudence; “now I suir, Cadmus, he mun be t’ own, for n’ udder folk has sick odd neames i’ t’ family.”

Crosthwaite smiled somewhat contemptuously. “Prudence,” said he, “I have taken infinite pains to embue you with a proper pronounciation, but it is still as proletarian as the postulatum you have advanced. I did not call the child Ceres, but Cyrus; and by confounding the two names, you commit a palpable catachresis, which could only be pardoned in a woman. Know, then, Ceres is a female appellative, under which the ancients worshipped the deity of agriculture; but Cyrus was the conqueror of Babylon, and the founder of the Persian empire.”

“I wait nae whae he was, Cadmus,” cried Prudence, in a passion; “but if
I’se

I'se to be a mudder to t' bairn ye've brought heame, it's very fit I sud know whae he is, and I wull know toe."

Cadmus could not deny the justness of this wish for information, but either he did not choose, or was not at liberty, to disclose the birth and parentage of Cyrus ; neither was her declaration that she *would know* at all calculated to gain his confidence. To the latter part only of her speech he replied with a sneer—"I would advise you by all means to try, for your acute penetration will doubtless achieve the discovery, if it be practicable ; you may perhaps think I have committed a contraregularity by putting him under your superintending care ; but whatever he may owe to your tenderness and kindness, take notice that he will be no tax on your munificence."

With these words he took from his pocket a bag, heavy from the quantity of money it contained ; which, whatever might

might be the sum, was doubtless a considerable one in those days.

How magical is the effect of gold ! The asperity of Prudence's look instantly changed to a simper ; and while she held out one hand to receive the bag, she employed the other in patting the cheek of Cyrus. Yet it is not to be understood that her suspicions were removed ; but as the countenance of her husband for once baffled her closest observation, and as she found there was nothing to be learned by questioning him, she prudently suspended her curiosity till a more favourable opportunity should offer.

Cyrus now showing symptoms of weariness, Crosthwaite desired his wife to prepare for him a little bed in their own chamber, until another could be put in order for his accommodation ; at the same time begging her to make haste, as he had brought a brace of moor-game
for

for supper, which would require her skilful hand.

Prudence used much dispatch, and the little boy, though somewhat reluctant to quit Cadmus, to whom he seemed much attached, was at length prevailed upon to suffer her to carry him up stairs and undress him.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Crosthwaite either could or would neglect so likely an opportunity to obtain information by questioning the child, who, as she rightly conjectured, had not yet learned the important lesson of secret-keeping. She asked him his name.

“Cyrus Dacre,” replied the boy.

Prudence now thought she had made a notable discovery; she did not for a moment allow herself to doubt that he was the son of the late sir Thomas Dacre, or to reflect whether there existed any reason why he might not be so. To her questions concerning the place
of

of his residence, he replied that he lived at Lee Hall.

Prudence was no wiser, for she had never heard of Lee Hall. "How far was it from Aldston?" she asked.

The child either had no ideas on the subject, or was too sleepy to arrange and express them. Of course, Mrs. Crosthwaite obtained no information on that point; however, she clearly ascertained that Cyrus had been brought up in that part of the country; for, though his own little sentences were uttered in a dialect much more polished than that spoken by the children of the neighbourhood, he perfectly comprehended every word she addressed to him. She next inquired whether he had a father and a mother?

He gazed on her mournfully, and then exclaiming in a sorrowful tone—"Poor mamma dead!" he burst into a loud fit of crying.

Vain

Vain were her efforts to comfort him ; his distress reached the ears of Cædmus, who came up to inquire the cause. Prudence, as will readily be imagined, was too cautious to say that any inquiry of hers had thus distressed her charge, but attributed his fretfulness to want of rest.

Exhausted with weeping, and soothed by the attentions of his host and hostess, the little Cyrus at length fell asleep, and the Crosthwaites returned to the kitchen, she to cook the moor-game, and he to superintend the manufacture of some buttered crumbs, the kind of sauce which he most relished to those birds.

Prudence having now, as she supposed, discovered who was the father of her little guest, lost no time in communicating the discovery to her husband. He smiled ironically, and dryly replied—
“ My ever-regretted friend, sir Thomas Dacre, has been dead ten years ; Cyrus is now in his fifth year ; of course, admitting the postulatum you have assumed,
upwards

upwards of five years must have elapsed between the death of the father and the birth of the son. Indeed, Mrs. Crosthwaite, I cannot but say I admire your superlative sagacity and penetration."

Prudence, provoked and mortified, replied—"Why then it's t' broder, sir Robert Dacre, or what d'ye ca' him?"

"Ay, there you have it," replied her husband, with a yet stronger expression of irony.

Poor Prudence was still bewildered in a maze of conjectures; for, as far as she could trust her skill in deciphering the countenance of Cadmus, sir Robert Dacre was not the father of Cyrus.

When the residence of this engaging child at Brougham Castle became known to the few persons in its vicinity, they formed, as might be expected, many surmises; but they were all vague and uncertain, for no one could find out to whom he belonged. Cadmus knew what he knew, but he kept his knowledge

ledge to himself. Prudence thought what she pleased, and asked what she pleased, but her inquiries were vain.

Whoever might be the real parents of Cyrus, he soon learned to distinguish Mr. and Mrs. Crosthwaite by the tender names of father and mother; and indeed the latter grew as proud of the title, and became as much attached to her charge, as if he were in reality her own child; and when any of her neighbours hinted a suspicion that his birth was dishonourable, she never failed to resent the foul insinuation, as she would have done an aspersion cast on her own honour.

The little boy daily improved in strength and beauty; his heart was affectionate, and his disposition sweet and amiable. Time, instead of revealing his origin, seemed to involve it in greater obscurity, and the autumn wore over without any light being thrown on the subject.

CHAPTER III.



CYRUS had resided about six months at Brougham Castle, when a cold and gloomy day was closed by an evening which, even in those bleak and mountainous regions, was deemed unusually tempestuous. The high and hollow blast swept round the venerable walls, roared in the wide chimneys, howled mournfully through the passages, and shook the doors of the deserted chambers; and the rain, pouring in torrents against the windows, threatened to dislodge the shattered casements.

While the elements thus raged without, the little family within the walls of Brougham Castle rested in safety from their fury. Cyrus, happily unconscious of

of

of the storm, as he yet was of the storms of life, slept soundly in a little apartment adjoining to that of the Crosthwaites, which had been put in order for his use. Mrs. Crosthwaite had also dismissed her servant for the night, and herself and Cadmus were just sitting down to their evening's repast before a blazing peat fire in the kitchen. Some excellent cheese and oat-cakes, together with a jug of fine ale, smiled on the board; and moreover, the eyes of Cadmus were fixed with peculiar complacency on a pot of char which had not yet been opened.

He was just about to pay his respects to this precious article, when the gate of the old Castle shook with a knocking so loud, so unusual in those days and in those remote regions, that Prudence started in terror from her seat, and Cadmus's large eyes opened wider, while he uttered an ejaculation of surprise. He would have gone immediately to the gate; but this was strenuously opposed by

by Prudence, whose caution and fears were by no means unjustifiable, when the state of the country at that time is considered. Those terrible depredators called moss-troopers, who formerly infested the borders, were not then suppressed, but committed frequent outrages in the adjacent parts; and the idea which first occurred to Mrs. Crosthwaite was, that a band of those ruffians now surrounded the Castle. The kingdom was also at that time in a very unsettled state, it being soon after the period when James the Second abdicated the crown; Cadmus therefore thought it probable that a party of soldiers, either the adherents of the fugitive monarch, or of the prince of Orange, now claimed admittance; but Prudence, not at all in the habit of paying attention to the political circumstances of the times, and having grown up from infancy in constant dread of the moss-troopers, believed that they, and they alone, threatened the peace of
her

her dwelling, and was beginning to make loud and bitter lamentations; but Cadmus commanded and enforced her silence, that he might listen, and be enabled to judge what force the party consisted of. He listened in vain; he could not distinguish the sound of any voices, and though he once thought he heard the trampling of horses' hoofs, the loud gusts of wind would not permit him to ascertain whether it were so or not.

In about five minutes the knocking was repeated with augmented violence; the terrors of Prudence increased, but Cadmus, who was by no means of a timid disposition, would no longer be withheld from venturing to the gate. As it seemed proper to be on his guard, he took down his fowling-piece from its resting-place over the chimney. It was already loaded, and poising it in one hand, he took the light in the other, and sallied forth into the passage, while Prudence expostulated loudly against the

hazard he was incurring; not for the universe would she have dared to accompany him; and believing that when he opened the gate, the whole party of banditti would rush in, she felt unable to brave the approaching danger, but sought concealment beneath a large oak table; not a very eligible hiding-place indeed, but the best she could find.

In the passage Cadmus encountered a gust of wind, so furious that it extinguished his light, and he was compelled to place his gun carefully on the ground, while he groped his way back to the kitchen to renew it. Prudence came from her hiding-place to assist him. He had found by experience the impracticability of carrying a light openly, and therefore placed it in a lanthorn, and while employed in doing so, a third knocking, more loud than either of the former, made the walls of the old Castle resound. Prudence retreated to her table, and Cadmus, out of all patience, in one breath
told

told his wife that her terror was extremely vituperable, and exclaimed against the persons without, whoever they might be, for supposing it impossible to suscite the inhabitants of the Castle without knocking in that stentorophonic manner, as if they would lancinate the very walls.

Having by this time secured his lantern, he took it in one hand, and the gun over the other shoulder; and, with his woollen night-cap drawn closely over his ears, he exhibited a whimsical compound of Guy Faux and Robinson Crusoe.

As Mrs. Crosthwaite did not accompany her husband to the gate, it would be highly indecorous in the biographer to relate what passed there; the reader must therefore be contented to wait with her under the table, until the arrival of Cadmus, who in about five minutes returned, ushering in a single stranger.

Prudence now ventured to peep out, and finding there was nothing to fear, emerged from her retreat, like Venus rising from the sea. She beheld, conversing with Crosthwaite, a tall thin man, apparently near thirty years of age; his features were uncommonly handsome, but a general appearance of languor and debility, a very pale countenance, and a deep and hollow cough, conspired to indicate a frame worn down with illness, and exhausted by fatigue. A very dignified and even haughty deportment was ill-concealed beneath a humble garb, which Prudence had discernment enough to discover was only assumed as a disguise; indeed the discovery was easily made, for the behaviour of Crosthwaite towards this stranger was such as clearly evinced that a very material difference, in point of rank, subsisted between them, while the latter received the attentions of the former, politely indeed, but at the same time as a tribute which he had a right to expect;

expect; nor had his manners any of that easy and amiable condescension which diminishes the humiliating consciousness of inferiority, and unites love and esteem with duty and respect.

It could not but be a mortifying circumstance to Cadmus, that the first view which his guest had of the fair form of his spouse should be in the act of emerging from under the table; however, he mended the matter as well as he could, and presented her with all due formality; but he did not introduce the stranger by name, an omission by no means agreeable to Prudence's curiosity.

The gentleman slightly apologized for having alarmed her; and then took possession of a seat which Crosthwaite placed for him near the fire. Cadmus, in a low voice, desired his wife to bring a bottle of her best wine; she obeyed, and the stranger accepted the glass with which she presented him, but declined taking any other refreshment, though

it was offered with the sincerest cordiality.

Cadmus then said to his guest, in a respectful tone—"You will excuse me a few minutes, sir, until I conduct your horse to a place of shelter."

He replied—"It is scarcely necessary, as I shall not stay above half an hour."

Crosthwaite, in reply, said something in a low tone of voice, of which "safe" was almost the only word that Prudence could distinctly overhear. She had no doubt that it was spoken in relation to the personal security of the stranger; and as the appearance of mystery and secrecy always acted as a whet to her curiosity, she now felt herself goaded by its thorns to a very painful degree, and severely blamed her own terrors, which had prevented her from accompanying her husband to the gate, where she should, in all probability, have learned the whole secret from their first conversation.

The

The stranger frequently cast his eyes round the apartment with a look of anxious solicitude, as if in search of some object which he vainly expected to see. He remained silent a few moments after Cadmus left the room, and then said to Prudence, with an emotion which he evidently struggled to subdue—"You have a little boy resides with you—is he ——" He paused without finishing the sentence.

Prudence, who, on being left alone with this person, had at first been deterred by the imposing dignity of his manner from addressing him, now caught at this half-formed question, as a hook with which she might fish for information. She launched out in the praise of Cyrus, a theme to which her auditor listened with visible interest; and at length concluded her eulogium by asking the stranger, in plain terms, whether he were related to him?

A more deadly paleness overspread his

languid face. He fixed his eyes on the inquirer with a scrutinizing look, and after a short pause said, in a quick but tremulous tone—a tone as if displeasure and confusion at once agitated the breast of the speaker—“Related to me! why should you ask that question?”

Prudence felt herself more chilled and awed by the manner of this person than she had ever before been by that of any one, and it was not until after some hesitation that she assumed courage sufficient to reply—“Nay, I suir, I woit nae whae t’ bairn belongs te, peer wee thing! Cadmus neer sae muckle as neamed it t’ me; but I luive ’t weel, and shem leight o’ me if I meak ’t a bad mudder.”

The stranger appeared much agitated, but made no reply; and Cadmus returning shortly after, he said to him—“Where can we have some private conversation, Crosthwaite? for I have much to say to you, and must be gone soon.”

Cadmus replied that he would reple-
nish

nish the fire in his study, which having done, he led the gentleman thither, to the great dissatisfaction of Prudence, who feared that she should not only be debarred from learning the subject of their conference, but also be kept in ignorance of who this stranger was. Her husband, though he addressed him in the most respectful terms, never once mentioned his name; nor did she possess any guide or clue by which she could ascertain or even conjecture who he might be. There were indeed three families in whose service Crosthwaite had been—the Ponsonbys, the Dacres, and the Sibbalds; but he could not, she thought, be a member of any of them. The first she had scarcely ever heard Cadmus mention, and it was now fourteen years since he lived with them. Sir Robert Dacre she well remembered to have heard described as being low-statured and extremely plain; consequently the

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person

person now with her husband could not be he, for he was very tall, and when in health, had been eminently beautiful; and lastly, Mr. Sibbald she had seen more than once, and he bore not the most distant resemblance to the gentleman in question. Who then could he be? were there no means by which she could at least have a chance of attaining some degree of certainty? Fear of the moss-troopers had kept her from going to the Castle gate, and should terror of the fairies also prevent her from visiting the keyhole of the study? No, she wisely resolved to combat such silly apprehensions. If her husband chose to withhold his confidence from her, and to entertain persons of whose very name she was to be kept in ignorance, he should not prevent her from making what use she pleased of her own eyes and ears; and at present she thought she could not use them so advantageously

ously anywhere as at the door of the apartment in which Crosthwaite and his guest had taken refuge.

By the time she had wound up her mind to this sage determination, nearly half of the period to which the stranger had limited his stay had elapsed; of course she had no time to lose. The way from the kitchen to the study was long, and had many turnings and windings. As she could not attempt to explore these without a light, she took that from the table, and set out on her expedition.

From the foot of the great staircase, a long passage led to another of smaller dimensions. She kept her courage in tolerable repair while she glided lightly along the passage; but by the time she reached the top of the stairs it began to wear out, and when she entered the gallery above, where tradition had peopled every chamber with a ghost, or a group of fairies, she started at every shadow,

dow, and expected to see some of those airy beings before her.

“ Still as she went she look’d behind,
And heard a voice in every wind.”

She passed along the gallery, at the end of which she had to ascend a spiral staircase which led to the study. Here she reflected that it would be proper to leave her light; as, should she carry it to the door, its beams might probably be seen through some chink or crevice by those in the room, a contingency to be carefully guarded against, as it might draw down on her the serious displeasure of her husband. However, as she should require its assistance in returning to the kitchen, she determined not to extinguish it; but placing it in a recess of the wall, and depositing her shoes beside it, lest their noise should betray her, she crept softly up the stairs, and applying her eye to the keyhole, found, to her inexpressible joy, that she could command

command a full view of the room, at least of all the principal objects in it. Cadmus was placed opposite the fire, with his back towards the door; he was in earnest discourse, but spoke in so low a voice that Prudence could not distinctly hear a single sentence; but the few disjointed words which struck her ear were of melancholy import, those of death, distress, and anguish, being several times repeated.

The stranger, seated on one side, with his elbow reclined on a table, and his head resting on his hand, listened with the most profound attention. His countenance underwent various changes; sometimes it wore the wild expression of frenzy, and at others the settled gloom of despair. His eyes, filled with tears, were repeatedly raised to heaven, and once she saw him press his right hand on his heart, as if it were bursting. When Cadmus ceased speaking, he replied in a voice of stifled anguish, but yet

yet in a tone so loud, that Prudence, with her ear glued to the keyhole, heard every word he uttered—"Crosthwaite, you shall hold her orders sacred; I will not violate one of them, though I well know that in acting thus I am committing a yet more deadly crime than that which has cost me years of repentance."

Here Cadmus taking advantage of a pause which the stranger's weakness compelled him to make, said in a respectful tone—"Pardon me, sir, if I once more take the liberty of observing, that in my opinion the line of conduct you are now pursuing is infinitely more vituperable than that for which you censure yourself. The duties——"

"No more of this I charge you, Crosthwaite," interrupted his auditor, in an accent of haughty impatience; "your opinions are erroneous, and a blessed change would it be for yourself, if you would reform them. However, I shall wave the subject, and proceed to speak of
of

of some points respecting this unfortunate being, in which I must insist on being implicitly obeyed."

He then lowered his voice to a key which effectually precluded all possibility of his discourse being overheard, to the infinite mortification of Prudence, who alternately applied her eye and her ear to the organ of information, and watched by turns his words and his countenance with the most eager and anxious curiosity.

Though he had said he must be gone in half an hour, he continued talking thus for nearly double that period; while Prudence, rivetted to the spot, never once thought of quitting her post, or returning down stairs.

Cadmus spoke several times, apparently in a strain of objection, remonstrance, or entreaty; but his arguments made little impression on the stranger, at least so far as Prudence was enabled to judge from his looks and voice, for
he

he still continued to speak so low that she could not connect the thread of his discourse, though, from some broken sentences which caught her ear, she understood it to be something relating to the subject of marriage. As to the conversation of her husband, she could make little of it; for he not only spoke in an under voice, but used a great number of those quaint and studied expressions which only a professed philologist could understand, and which poor Prudence, though daily accustomed to hear them, was so far from comprehending, that she never supposed them to be English, but imagined that he learned them all from the old Roman altars and inscriptions with which the adjoining county of Cumberland abounds, and in the study of which Crosthwaite took much delight.

At length the stranger looked at his watch, and started from his seat, exclaiming—"I must be gone."

"So

“So must I,” thought Prudence, and was withdrawing her ear from the door, when she heard her husband say—“Allow me once more to implore you to see Cyrus; only walk with me to his room, and look at him as he sleeps.”

“No, never!” he replied, in a determined, yet agonized voice; and Prudence again applied her eye to the key-hole. “I have already told you I never must——”

Exhausted by his own vehemence, and by the violent emotion and excessive fatigue he had endured, a paroxysm of coughing seized the stranger; the blood gushed from his nose and mouth, and he sunk on a chair without any appearance of life. Crosthwaite terrified flew to him, and Prudence, no less terrified lest she should be discovered, hastened down stairs; but she had not passed half the descent when the study-door opened, and her husband, with a light in his hand, was in her rear. Prudence
urged

urged her fleetest speed, but unused to the spiral stairs, she unfortunately slipped her foot, and fell headlong before the astonished and affrighted Cadmus, who quickly comprehended the who, the why, and the wherefore. He saw who lay prostrate before him, and he had little hesitation in guessing the errand which had brought her thither. Losing for a moment his concern for the deplorable state of his guest, in the nearer interest which he felt for the no-less-precarious situation of his wife, he flew to her, and raising her in his arms, inquired with much solicitude where she was hurt?

Though stunned by the fall, she had not, in fact, received any material injury; but when she perfectly recovered the use of her faculties, she did not dare to acknowledge this, well knowing that when the fears of her husband for her personal safety were removed, he would indubitably overwhelm her with a torrent

rent of reproaches for her prying and unjustifiable curiosity. To avert this inundation of invective, it was highly necessary to pretend to some hurt; but not knowing what particular part to fix on as the seat of complaint, she had recourse to a general concerto of groans and screams, which she uttered as loudly and as vociferously as if half the bones in her body had been fractured. She acted her part very well, but Cadmus had too frequently seen persons in real pain to be duped by her artifice. He saw through her design, and it only served to add fresh asperity to the vexation which was already kindled in his breast by a concurrence of disagreeable circumstances. He had, in the first instance, been disturbed when just sitting down to a favourite supper by a guest, of whom, whatever attention he might deem it his duty to show him, he thought he had, and perhaps had in reality, great cause to complain. He
was

was shocked by the melancholy situation in which he had just left him in the study, and now his indignation was roused by the inquisitive impertinence and mean hypocrisy of his wife.

“Cease your stentorophonic roaring, you eaves-dropper!” cried he, in a voice of stern displeasure; “had you dislocated your cervix, you would only have met with your deserts. Do you suppose you can suscite any pity by raising such a rumpus? Go instantly and prepare a bed for the gentleman who is now in my study—the keyhole no doubt has informed you that he is ill.”

He then darted down stairs in search of some article with which to revive and comfort his sick guest, while Prudence, hanging her head, possessed herself of her shoes and light, which was by this time nearly burned out, and followed him in silence to the kitchen; but here a fresh scene of uproar awaited them, Prudence, in her haste to listen at the study-

study-door, had forgot that she left a large mastiff dog stretched before the fire. The animal, not less attracted than his master by the savoury scent of the potted char, had taken the privilege of a friend to help himself; and as he found it less difficult to reduce the table to his own level, than to exalt himself to a level with its contents, he very sagaciously laid them at his feet, and Cadmus, on his entrance, beheld the shattered remains of his favourite viand floating in the fragrant streams of the ale and wine.

It is not in the power of language to describe his rage, and to decipher the terms he made use of on the occasion would baffle the united abilities of a Johnson, an Ashe, and a Sheridan, while he bade Prudence, who was weeping bitterly, cease her lachrymation. He told her that she was the most abominable, vituperable, vile, proletarian, careless, inconsistent woman on earth. —“If you were determined to indulge
your

your fascinatorous inquisitiveness," added he, "why did you not occlude the dog?"

Poor Prudence made no reply, but sneaked away to call up her maid to assist her in preparing the bed, while Cadmus returned to his guest, who was by this time recovered from his swoon, but being much too ill to pursue his journey, was prevailed on to remain at the Castle all night.

When his apartment was prepared, Crosthwaite attended him to it, and then went to direct Prudence in preparing some barley-water, taking care to scold her all the while for her carelessness, and to inform himself exactly of what she had overheard at the study-door, every word of which he compelled her to repeat. His potted char was gone, and he was obliged to content himself with a supper of humble cheese and bread; after which he returned to the bedside of his sick friend, to watch there during the night; while Prudence, with
a heavy

a heavy heart, retired to her own chamber, and soon lost in sleep the remembrance of her own fall and that of the table.

CHAPTER IV.

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THE storm vanished with the clouds of night, and was succeeded by a morning serene and even pleasant for the season. The stranger had rested but indifferently; and though on the whole he felt himself better than might be expected, after the severe attack he had suffered, he was not well enough to pursue his journey. Crosthwaite brought him some milk and thin toast, which he took in bed; he was then compelled to leave him for a short time, while he looked after the business of his farm. On his return, about ten o'clock, he found him up, dressed, and seated

seated near a window, cheering the languid spirits of ill-health with the view of scenery, which, if less beautiful than when adorned with the bloom and verdure of summer, was perhaps more magnificent and sublime.

Cadmus inquired whether he chose to walk down to the parlour, or to sit in his own apartment; he preferred the latter, and requested as much of his company as time would allow him to spare. They conversed on subjects of science and literature, but carefully avoided those topics where a difference of opinion subsisted between them, and concerning which each thought the conduct of the other culpable.

Meanwhile Prudence churned her butter, milked her cows, fed her poultry, dressed Cyrus, and gave him his breakfast; nor, notwithstanding all the chagrin she had experienced the preceding evening, did she omit to take her own. Cadmus had charged her to keep Cyrus with



with herself, and to amuse him at a distance from the stranger's apartment. She endeavoured to do so, and when he inquired for Crosthwaite, told him he was busy, and could not be interrupted.

The little boy, accustomed to be almost always with him, and to follow him everywhere, did not relish the prohibition. When Prudence went to prepare a fowl for the stranger's dinner, he took the opportunity to slip away, and wandered to the study in search of his adopted father; but not finding him there, he proceeded to the room where the well-known figures of the tapestry so often engaged his attention, whither he constantly attended Cadmus when he brushed the dust from this precious relic, as has already been mentioned. As he crept up the stairs, he called aloud—"Father, father!" and when he reached the door, and heard voices within, unable to open it, he struck his little foot against it, as a signal for admission,

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mission, repeating the tender appellation in the enchanting tone of infantine innocence.

The stranger, who was in earnest discourse with Cadmus concerning the produce of the neighbouring mines, started almost convulsively. A more ashy paleness overspread his faded cheek, and an expression of wild frenzy gleamed from his languid eyes, while, in a tone tremulous with agitation, he exclaimed —“ How,—what voice is that?”

“ It is your—it is Cyrus, sir,” said Cadmus, checking the noun he was about to use, and substituting another, at the same time opening the door to carry the little intruder down stairs; but Cyrus, the moment he found a passage into the room, regardless of the presence of the stranger, ran towards the tapestry, calling to Cadmus—“ Come, father! come hold me up and show me the babies.”

“ You cannot see them now, my dear,”

dear," said Crosthwaite, taking him in his arms to carry him back to Prudence.

The gaze of the stranger was fixed on the child so ardently, yet so mournfully, his countenance wore such an expression of the fierce and haughty passions of the mind, mingled with the soft and tender emotions of the heart, that no language can explain it; the feelings of nature appeared to be struggling with some very powerful motive; and when Cadmus was about to take his little charge from the room, he said, in a voice scarcely articulate—"Let him stay a few minutes, Crosthwaite."

Cadmus obeyed, and bringing the child close to the stranger, set him down by his knee. He drew him towards him, regarded him with an aspect of mournful tenderness, and, while the emotions of his soul visibly agitated his feeble frame, said, in the same tremulous voice—"What is your name, my sweet fellow?"

“Cyrus Dacre,” replied he.

The stranger directed towards Crosthwaite a look in which some degree of inquiry was mingled with pensive melancholy. He understood it, and replied, with somewhat of indignation in his manner—“He knows no other, sir; such were his mother’s orders.”

The stranger groaned, again fixed his eyes on the child, and kissed him with frantic wildness, while his feelings seemed rising to agony.

Crosthwaite, who had remained standing, now quitted the room. Cyrus screamed, called—“Father!” and attempted to follow him, but the stranger found means to quiet his apprehensions, and to reconcile him to the idea of remaining with him, by putting his watch into his hands. He then took him on his knee, and repeatedly kissed him, while tears trembled in his languid eyes—“Do you remember your mother, Cyrus?”

Cyrus?" questioned he, in a tone of anguish.

The little boy, from whose mind the memory of his mother had never faded, replied with a sigh—"Ah, yes! poor mamma!"

The stranger groaned again, and pressed him closer to his heart; then starting, as if in a sudden paroxysm of fear, he hastily put the child down, and clasping his hands, exclaimed—"Forgive me, oh merciful Heaven! forgive me!"

He then summoned Cadmus, and when he entered, exclaimed—"Oh, take him from me, Crosthwaite! take him away, I charge you. I came hither with a firm resolution not to see him, but I have yielded to the weakness of human nature! heavy is my crime, and heavy must be the penance which can wash it away!"

"Strange infatuation!" muttered Cadmus, as he took up the little Cyrus to carry him down stairs. In doing so he

E 3

perceived

perceived the watch in his hands, and bade him return it.

“No,” said the stranger, “no! let him keep it, but never let him know to whom it belonged;” and while he spoke, he waved his hand for Crosthwaite to carry him from the room.

When he returned, he found his guest still greatly agitated. After the silence of a few minutes, he declared his intention of quitting Brougham that evening.

This Crosthwaite strenuously opposed, urging the weak state of his health, the badness of the roads, and the inclemency of the weather. The last-mentioned objections seemed to make no impression on the person to whom they were addressed; but to the former he felt himself compelled to yield; for as the day declined, his increasing indisposition forced him to relinquish his design, and to retire early to bed.

The next day he felt his weak frame so far refreshed and recruited, that he  
would



not listen to the entreaties of Cadmus to allow himself any longer repose than until the evening, when he determined, at all events, to pursue his journey, as he had reasons for seeking concealment, which rendered travelling in the night eligible, however uncongenial it might be to the state of his health.

Crosthwaite, in pity for his corporeal sufferings, earnestly endeavoured to divert him from this resolution, and to persuade him that there was no hazard in pursuing his journey in the daytime in that remote part of the kingdom, and in the depth of winter; but his arguments were vain—the stranger was determined.

Crosthwaite finding him thus resolved, could not think of suffering him, in his languid condition, and in such weather, to depart alone; for though the traveller had flattered himself with having the assistance of the moon, there was little prospect of his being benefited

by it. A thick mist enveloped the horizon, a heavy shower of small snow was descending, and every appearance indicated a continued storm. Cadmus therefore felt himself called upon to sacrifice, for a while, the comforts of his own fireside, and to brave the fury of the elements, by attending his guest, at least a part of his way, which friendly offer was accepted; for the stranger was but imperfectly acquainted with the road he was to pursue.

When this intention of her husband became known to Mrs. Crosthwaite, she loudly and firmly opposed it, for she no more approved of Cadmus's travelling in the night than he did of the sick person's doing so; but her remonstrances were attended with no better success in the one case than his had been in the other. The stranger was resolved to go, and Cadmus was resolved to attend him.

The horses were ready by five o'clock, and at that hour the traveller left his  
apartment,



apartment, and passed hastily to the kitchen to bid adieu to Mrs. Crosthwaite. However much she might disapprove of her husband's journeying from home in such weather, the compassionate heart of Prudence could not, without an emotion of pity, behold the weak and emaciated frame of this person quitting her roof in a season and at an hour when Hospitality opens her doors to receive, to welcome, and to shelter the wayfaring man and the traveller. She earnestly pressed him to remain some time longer at the Castle, but could not prevail. He accepted the wine with which she presented him, and politely thanked her for all the civilities he had received from her; while, to the last moment of his stay, she continued to fill his pockets and those of her husband with cordials, cakes, and biscuits; and however cold and frigid might be his manners, he certainly did not depart without being strongly im-

pressed with a sense of that hospitable kindness which so peculiarly distinguishes the natives of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

Cyrus, at the particular request of the stranger, was kept out of his sight, so that he quitted Brougham without again seeing him.

In the course of the night the inclemency of the weather was further augmented by a piercing north wind and a severe frost. Crosthwaite had promised to return in a few hours, but the sun of the next day rose and set without bringing him home.

Prudence was agonized with fears for his safety. The roads were now nearly impassable, and as the snow continued to fall, a short time would render them totally so. The lofty top of Skiddaw wore its wintry crown of white, and the vapoury stores, drifted in the valleys, were in some places rising to a rivalship with the surrounding hills.

Such

Such was the state of the weather on the second evening of Cadmus's absence, when, as two gentlemen, a Mr. Brisco, who resided in the hamlet of Watermillock, on the banks of Ullswater, and the reverend Mr. Dalston, then rector of Brougham, were crossing Hutton-moor, on their return homewards from a short journey, they heard a deep groan, and turning their horses towards the spot from whence it seemed to proceed, they found that it was uttered by a person stretched amongst the snow, speechless and benumbed with cold. He was entirely incapable of motion, and nearly so of sensation and recollection. His lips had bled severely from the intenseness of the frost; icicles were suspended from the ends of his fingers, and the snow-bed in which he lay was so deep, that a little longer time must have sufficed to entomb him in it.

Such was the situation in which this unfortunate traveller was found by the

before-mentioned gentlemen, who were not of a disposition to look on such an object, and “pass by on the other side,” without making at least an effort to save him. Dalston had a servant with him, and by their united efforts the benumbed person was placed on his horse, and supported by the latter for the remainder of their journey, which was nearly three miles, for there was no house at which they could have suitable accommodations for the invalid until they should arrive at the dwelling of Mr. Brisco, which they reached with infinite danger and difficulty, and even at the imminent hazard of their lives. Here, to his equal surprise and concern, the worthy clergyman recognised, in the object of his solicitude, his acquaintance, neighbour, and parishioner, Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite ! No sign of life was now visible in him, but the humane and friendly family under whose roof he was, exerted every possible means to restore animation,

tion, though Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, whose experience in similar cases had been great, did not dare to hope that those means would be attended with success.

The gentleman and lady whose hospitable kindness was thus extended to Crosthwaite, were persons of property and consideration in the place of their residence, but their understandings, habits, and pursuits, were such as might be expected in those who had never mixed with society, nor travelled a dozen miles from home. Brisco had not an idea of science beyond the portion of agricultural knowledge requisite for the cultivation of his farm, nor of pleasure, except in pursuing, with dog and gun, the game which the neighbouring hills and woods afforded, while his spouse was one of the most decided economists on the banks of Ullswater.

A union of sixteen years had seen them the parents of eight children, two only of whom, the eldest and youngest sons,

sons, survived. Lyulph, the former, now in his fifteenth year, had, just before the period now under consideration, been placed under the protection of his maternal uncle, a captain in the army of king William, then serving in Ireland, and was at that early age engaged in active warfare; and Arthur, the youngest, a rosy, smiling cherub of five years old, was running wild about his native hills.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, an orphan niece of fourteen, who resided with them, and Mr. Dalston, the clergyman already mentioned, formed the group which surrounded the bed, where, wrapped in warm blankets, lay the congealed form of Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite.

A very considerable period, as has already been said, elapsed, without any sign of animation appearing. At length a deep groan gave to his anxious attendants the assurance that life was not extinct; and by inspiring fresh hopes that it might be preserved, encouraged them  
to



to redouble their efforts, until a faint inquiry from the patient of, "Where am I?" conveyed the pleasing certainty that the powers of reason and speech had resumed their functions. He was soon restored to a perfect recollection of the circumstances which brought him into his present situation; and when sufficiently recovered to converse, after expressing his gratitude to his preservers, he informed them that he was returning homewards from a short journey at the time his progress was arrested by the severity of the cold. From this it may be inferred that he had previously parted from the stranger in whose company he left Brougham Castle; but in his conversations with Mr. Brisco and Mr. Dalston he made not the least mention of any such person; nor could Mrs. Crosthwaite, in the subsequent inquiries which she did not fail to make concerning her mystic guest, obtain from her spouse the slightest intelligence of whither

ther he had journeyed, or whether he were still in existence.

In a few days the health of Mr. Crosthwaite was completely re-established, and he took leave of his hospitable entertainers with many expressions of gratitude for the kindness they had shown him.

From this period a most friendly intercourse was established between the families, which was further augmented by the Briscoes being intimately acquainted with, and indeed related to, Mr. Rokeby of Temple-Sowerby, with whom, as has already been said, Cadmus and Prudence were on terms of friendly courtesy.

## CHAPTER V..



DURING the period of time which gradually led Idonea Rokeby, Cyrus Dacre, and Arthur Brisco, from the smiling dawn of infantine innocence to the bloom and the hopes of eighteen, the parents and protectors of each passed much of their time in the society of each other, alternately, at their respective houses.

The stranger who had once visited Brougham Castle was never seen nor heard of, and indeed, from the state of health he then appeared to be in, Prudence could not suppose him to be still in existence.

Cyrus remained unclaimed and unacknowledged by any relative, and every secret connected with him was as deeply  
buried

buried in the bosom of Cadmus, as they could have been at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

No circumstance had transpired which tended to throw the smallest light on the former history of Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, except that the curiosity of Prudence had the gratification of receiving a hint from Mrs. Brisco, that there was some truth in the report which placed them in the relative situations of uncle and niece.

Secluded from the meretricious and artificial manners of polished life, but ever surrounded by the awful majesty of Nature, in the magnificent and sublime scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Idonea, Cyrus, and Arthur, grew up together. Arthur was the valued friend of Cyrus, and the beloved brother of Idonea; but the heart which animated that fair bosom cherished the image of Cyrus with all the regard of friendship, all the tenderness of fraternal love.

love, and with a feeling yet more soft, tender, and impassioned.

The education of Cyrus was the prominent feature which distinguished this series of years. In the rich and capacious mines of Grecian and of Roman literature, his nominal father, Cadmus Crosthwaite, was no unskilful labourer. He was a systematical scholar, that is, he was well qualified to lead his pupil along the broad, beaten track which might impress on his memory every important historical fact then on record, in the Greek, Latin, and English languages; to give him a comprehensive knowledge of biography, and to instruct him in the rudiments of mathematical science. True, these acquirements in the hands of Cadmus, alone and unassisted, would have proved dangerous weapons with which to arm his young friend; they would infallibly have made him a pedant, but not a scholar. On the contrary, when combined with the  
judicious

judicious and valuable instructions of Mr. Dalston, the naturally-excellent understanding of Cyrus received from them every advantage that learning can bestow.

Dalston was a man of great erudition—he was yet more; he was a real minister of the gospel, a sincere Christian, and a truly-worthy character. Crowthwaite stored the mind of their pupil with important historical facts—Dalston taught him to exercise his judgment upon them; to deduce consequences from their causes; to strip the splendid but hollow character of its gilded laurels; to disentangle the web of sophistry which forms its specious attire, and to view it in its native deformity; to judge of actions by the unerring standard of morality, and on it to found his opinions, unseduced and unbiassed by the artificial blaze of rank, fortune, or a name. Cadmus exercised his perceptive faculties; Dalston instructed him  
to



to exert the noblest powers of the human mind, the powers of reason. The mathematical knowledge he imbibed from Crosthwaite was, though accurate, merely theoretical; when applied according to the skilful directions of Dalton, it became the optic nerve of his mind; and while this worthy man watched over the expanding intellects of his young friend, and assisted his labours in all the acquirements which have been enumerated, with tenfold more solicitude did he inculcate the infinitely more important lessons of religion and of virtue.

Nor did the other friends of Cyrus neglect to contribute their quota of instruction to this interesting youth. From the sensible conversation of Mr. Rokeby he gleaned much information on subjects of polite literature; from him also he derived an accurate knowledge of geography, and the most just and perfect ideas concerning the institutions, obligations, and privileges of civilized society,

society, and of what is termed the social compact.

But the most delightful lessons of Cyrus were those which he received from Mrs. Rokeby, for they were shared with Idonea, and are commemorated by him in the following lines, written at a period far subsequent to that now under consideration:—

Hail, blest remembrance of those happy hours,  
When, lov'd Idonea ! in the silvan bowers,  
Where youth's fair scenes expanded to our view,  
Thy beauteous face my raptur'd pencil drew;  
Or listen'd while you touch'd the lute's soft string,  
As men would listen should a seraph sing;  
Or, with the swiftness of the bounding fawn,  
In mazy dances press'd the verdant lawn;  
Or stole a pinion from the wing of time,  
And trac'd the wild essays of rural rhyme;  
Thy virtues were my theme; thy smile my meed,  
And that awarded, I was blest indeed.

“ Though last, not least,” of Cyrus's tutors, was the venerable Prudence. Indeed her lessons claimed precedence of  
all

all the rest, for they were given even before her husband had, in imitation of his great namesake, promulgated the Greek alphabet. True, the subject of these lessons was only such matters of rural economy as Cyrus could assist her in.

But before the anathema of criticism is denounced, let the sage information of the learned Cadmus be attended to. He assured his wondering auditors, Prudence and Cyrus, that many heroes and great men of antiquity had employed themselves in offices of household economy; that the immortal Alfred condescended to attend to the baking of a cake; that prince Lud kept pigs; and that even Hercules handled a distaff.

Here the little Cyrus eagerly required further information concerning those celebrated personages. Cadmus took him on his knee, and having informed him that Hercules was the son of Jupiter, was proceeding to detail the leading events of his history, when he was interrupted

rupted by his wife, who exclaimed—" I  
suir, Cadmus, I wonder thou can tell t'  
bairn seek stories as 'at *Harculus* was a  
*man*, an' Greece a *pleace*, when you  
know full weel 'at *Harculus*\* was a  
dog, an' *Hart-a-greese* a buck. Didn't  
t' dog lowp ower t' peales o' Whinfield  
Park; an' didn't t' buck——"

"Prudence,"

\* In 1333, or the following year, Edward Baliol, king  
of Scotland, visited Robert de Clifford, and passed some  
time with him at his several castles of Appleby, Brough-  
am, and Pendragon. In the course of this visit they ran  
a stag, by a single greyhound, from Whinfield Park to  
Red Kirk in Scotland, and back again to Whinfield;  
where, being both completely exhausted, the stag leaped  
over the enclosure, but died on the spot, and the dog, at-  
tempting to follow, fell and expired without accom-  
plishing the leap. In commemoration of the circum-  
stance, the horns of the stag were nailed to a tree just  
by, and a brass plate was also affixed to it, with the fol-  
lowing inscription:—

"*Hercules kill'd Hart-a'-greese,  
And Hart-a'-greese kill'd Hercules.*"

In

“Prudencé,” interrupted Cadmus, in an angry voice, “I desire you will occlude your ignorance in your own bosom, and not interrupt me with your antiphrases.”

Prudence was awed to present silence, and her husband resuming the thread of his discourse, proceeded to describe the vast strength of Hercules, and to recount his wonderful exploits, when the narrative was again severed by his spouse.

“Why suir it’s t’ giant ’at’s buried i’ Peerith churchyard thou’s talking about,” said she.

“Vituperable idiot! buried in Penrith churchyard!” roared Cadmus, in a tone of ironical passion.

In process of time, the horns being almost grown over by the growth of the tree, another pair were put up in their place. This story, though generally received as a fact, is very improbable, the length of the course almost exceeding credibility.

“I suir is he, an’ his thoom\* stands up there to this day,” returned she.

The risibility of Crosthwaite now got the better of his anger, and almost convulsed with laughter, he exclaimed—“And so you really believe that the object you mention is actually the thumb of a man in a state of lapidescence!”

Prudence, highly provoked by his laughter, sharply replied—“I know not what you mean by your lap sense or lap nonsense, Cadmus. You think yourself wiser than udder folks because you can spelder seek hard words; but it’s nae seek uncommon thing for a body to be turned to stean. Is not there Long Meg an’ her dowters at Salkeld? it’s weel known they were witches.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” vociferated Crosthwaite; “thou art a witch however.”

“Nae, Cadmus, I defy t’ world to say se,”

\* A monumental pillar in Penrith churchyard, vulgarly called the Giant’s Thumb.



se," retorted she, in a tone of deep resentment.

"Ah Prudence! Prudence!" said her spouse, with a sneer of contempt; "what with your witchés, your giants, and your fairies, you have supernatural beings enough to people a planet. And so you really believe that the noble monument of antiquity at Salkeld——"

"Whae said your *aunt Kitty* was a witch?" interrupted she, with a look of scorn. "You may flyre an' laugh," she added, with increased asperity, "but your aunt Kitty's seen fairies plenty. Didn't she say she heared them clap their claise i' t' hills at Aldston? didn't my mudder see them dance on t' green? you've seen the fairy's glass\* at Edenha' yourself.

"Sud this glass owther break or fa',  
Farewell t' luck of Edenha'."

F 2

Cyrus

\* There is at Edenhall in Cumberland a curious cup or chalice, which is preserved with the greatest care.

According

Cyrus, not less interested in the biography of the fairies than he had been in that of Hercules, now quitted the side of Crosthwaite and stationed himself by that of his wife, listening with profound attention to the accounts which she gave of numberless children having been, *to her knowledge*, stolen by pigmies.

Cadmus listened also, and when she had closed her narrative, or rather exhausted herself, dryly inquired—"Whether they ever stole wives?"

"Nae, I never heard of seek a thing," she replied.

"That is a pity," he rejoined, with a grin,

According to tradition, a servant of the family surprised a party of fairies who were regaling themselves near a well, on the margin of which stood this glass. He possessed himself of the prize, which its pigmy owners made every possible effort to recover; but finding they could not accomplish their purpose, they flew away exclaiming—

*"Should that glass either break or fall,  
Farewell the luck of Edenhall."*

grin, "as I should then have a chance of being released from your inconsistent fabulosity."

Prudence pouted, and Cadmus again reverting to the mention of the druidical monument vulgarly called Long Meg, proceeded to explain to Cyrus the probable origin of that appellation, which he said the learned in general agreed in deriving from Magi, the chief Druid having been so termed.

To this important information his auditors listened with profound reverence, and Prudence, after the reflection of a moment, exclaimed with vivacity—"Cadmus, if they caw'd t' furst priest Magi, I'se warrant that's t' reason they caw t' furst bird for talking *Magpie*."

"You are certainly right, my dear," replied Crosthwaite, his countenance brightening to an expression of the highest approbation; "that is, indeed, an important etymological hint.—Come, prepare me a poached egg for supper."

Thus the conversation ended for the present, though it must by no means be supposed that it passed as rapidly as it is here related ; this is but a specimen of the manner in which the domestic education of Cyrus was conducted. Many were the similar dialogues which passed, and many the similar mistakes into which Mrs. Prudence fell. When they talked of Romulus and Remus, she insisted that they meant Valentine and Orson ; mount Helicon she invariably supposed to be the high mountain of Helvellyn, and affirmed that the Cretan labyrinth was Rosamond's bower ; for she was well acquainted with the history of that ill-starred beauty, who was one of the family of Clifford, the ancient and illustrious proprietors of Brougham Castle.

These whimsical blunders of the well-intentioned Prudence sometimes diverted, but oftener provoked her husband. With Cyrus it was far different ; to him the marvellous accounts she gave of the  
giant

giant who once inhabited the caves on the banks of the Eamont, and of the fairies who haunted the mountain glades, were too interesting to excite risibility, too delightful to be alloyed with any mixture of contempt or disapprobation. Her tales of wonder obtained his firm, unqualified belief; and though, as he advanced in life, that belief gradually faded and died away, yet the romantic enthusiasm of mind, the wild eccentricity of thought, which early habit and powerful associations had nurtured and established, became closely interwoven with his character, "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength."

Educated in retirement, a stranger in a great degree to the modes and customs of that extended circle of coalesced beings which is emphatically styled the world, and of course wholly unsophisticated by its hollow maxims and artificial manners, Cyrus Dacre, at the age of eighteen, was, in the truest and purest

sense of the term, the pupil of Nature. Reared from his birth in a country where she reigned in awful sublimity, and secluded from that intercourse with society which too frequently blasts and corrodes the finer susceptibilities of the soul, every change of weather, and of season had unspeakable charms for him. Ever accustomed to long rambles, the face of the country for many miles round Brougham was familiar to him, and numberless were the scenes it afforded which were twined round his heart by deeply-interesting associations. The vivid blossoms of spring, and the mellow tints of autumn, never failed to instil delight into his mind, and to sooth it to a pleasing tranquillity; but the wild storms of winter, fermented in those mountainous regions to keener fury, inspired a sublimer feeling, and in this season it was that the soul of Cyrus experienced an ecstasy, an elevation, which a poet only can feel; then did he peruse  
the



the pages of Homer, of Shakespeare, and of Milton, with indescribable enthusiasm, or exert the best and happiest efforts of his own muse. The fairest virtues of human nature dwelt in his heart; and though that heart was unconnected, and estranged from the endearing ties of relationship, its vivid affections were extended to the whole human race.

The parental care and tenderness he had experienced from the Crosthwaites his sweet and grateful disposition repaid with the highest esteem and respect. He was truly sensible of the numerous obligations he owed them, not only for the shelter and protection their roof had afforded him, but for the many valuable lessons he had received from their lips—yes, let it be clearly understood that Prudence had been to her youthful charge an able and a worthy instructress. She had inculcated, in simple language indeed, but enforced by the best of all human authorities—a pure and

F 5

upright

upright example, the great leading principles of moral rectitude; and she had, moreover, deeply imbued his mind with that delicate sense of propriety, and innate love of order, which are the sure pillars on which the fabric of true taste ever rests. These may, perhaps, by superficial observers, be deemed only secondary virtues, and the want of them, in the characters of those with whom fate has linked us in our passage through life, be thought a matter of small importance, provided those characters are free from criminal turpitude; but such will not be the judgment of the student of human nature; he is aware that flagrant enormities produce the great explosions which agitate civil society, but that the corroding stream which saps and undermines domestic happiness has its source in *uncultivated and unharmonized feelings*.

Let it not however be understood that Cyrus was faultless. The unbounded  
tenderness

tenderness and indulgence in which he had been reared, had so much habituated him to find himself an object of love and regard, that he could not support, with composure, the smallest shadow of slight or neglect in those whom he esteemed. Hence some degree of jealousy and suspicion seemed to be inherent qualities of his mind, though in fact they were only the incidental result of his secluded education. Added to this, his circumscribed acquaintance with the world, and with the intricacies and complexities of human affairs, led him sometimes to draw conclusions too hastily, to judge and decide without proper deliberation, and to act too much from the impulse of the moment. These were the errors of his otherwise candid and ingenuous mind, and it remained for future circumstances to give a colouring to his character, to either eradicate those baneful plants, and sow in their room the seeds of genuine benevolence and philanthropy;

thropy, or to root them more deeply in the soil where they grew, until their possessor degenerated into a decided misanthrope.

In person, Cyrus was tall and finely-proportioned; his features, Mrs. Crosthwaite thought, nearly resembled those of the sick, but handsome stranger, who had once visited Brougham Castle; but the complexion and hair of Cyrus were both a shade lighter than those of that gentleman, and his countenance, animated by the sunshine of cheerfulness and the bloom of health, wore an expression, which, if it had ever belonged to that of his supposed relative, was, at the time Prudence saw him, completely obscured by anxiety and illness.

## CHAPTER VI.



SUCH was Cyrus Dacre at the age of eighteen. Blessed with uninterrupted health, and a stranger to sorrow, he had not hitherto looked beyond the present hour; his soul was untainted by ambition; no seeds of avarice nor self-interest lurked in his heart; he knew only the wants of simple nature; for those a little sufficed, and that little he possessed. He had never regretted his unconnected state, because the affection of the couple with whom he resided, and the kindness of the friends who surrounded him, had prevented him from feeling it.

His abstruse studies and mountain rambles were shared with Arthur Brisco; his delightful wood walks, and the charms  
of

of music and poetry, with Idonea Rokeby; and on the future he had never yet bestowed a thought. The first serious ideas concerning the line of life he should embrace were suggested by the information he received from his friend Arthur, that his father intended sending him to study divinity at one of the Scottish universities.

Cyrus did not envy him the prospect of a settled plan of life, and of contentment and independence, which would thus be opened to him—his heart was incapable of so base a feeling; but it awakened his mind to the contemplation of his own isolated situation.—“I also,” said he mentally, “would wish to dedicate my days to the service of religion; theological studies are peculiarly those for which the powers of my understanding are fitted, and with joy should I embrace the sacred profession. But I,” and he sighed as the chilling idea passed through his mind, “I have no father to assist



assist my wish, no tender parent to direct me in the path I shall choose. My mother, my affectionate mother, the idea of her tenderness and goodness mingles with my earliest recollections; but why is it that such a veil of ambiguity is thrown over the history of my father? The few inquiries on the subject which hitherto I have ventured to make of Mr. Crosthwaite have always been evaded; but surely I have now attained an age when it is requisite that I should be made acquainted with all that concerns myself, with my birth, my fortune, and my connexions; perhaps my kind friend would not now withhold the communication; at all events I am determined to try; perhaps also he will sanction my wish of accompanying Arthur to Glasgow—"To Glasgow!" continued he, while a vivid crimson mantled on his blooming cheek, and his brilliant eye hurried over the landscape which surrounded him; "and can I then wish to quit the peaceful

ful seclusion of Brougham, the beloved shades of Whinfield Park?"

He sighed, he suspended the soliloquy, but his heart, true to love and nature, completed the sentence—"Can I quit Idonea Rokeby?"

Cyrus and the lovely Idonea, accustomed from infancy to associate with each other, to receive together instructions from Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby, to share the same pleasures, and to participate in the same trivial sorrows, could not recal to remembrance the moment when first they felt that "each was to each a dearer self;" but at the period now under consideration they were perfectly aware that such a feeling existed in their hearts. The image of each was ever present to the mind of the other; it presented itself with the first dawn of day, lingered to the last close of their waking thoughts, and was ever the most prominent object in their dreams. The presence of Miss Rokeby was to Dacre joy  
and

and happiness; the absence of Cyrus was to Idonea gloom and grief; and a glance from the eyes of Dacre drew the vivid crimson to the cheek of Miss Rokeby, while a smile on her rosy lips thrilled through every nerve of her admiring lover.

Nor were these symptoms of mutual tenderness much longer known to themselves than to each other. Dacre, in his morning walks and evening rambles, rapidly bounded over the extensive park of Whinfield, and, while joy vibrated in his heart, and hope illumined his brilliant eyes, hastened to the verge of the enclosure on the south-west shore of the Eden. Here the name of Cyrus, whispered by Idonea from the opposite bank of Oglebird,\* and repeated aloud by the enchanting

\* Nicholson and Burn, when speaking of Whinfield Park, say—"A court-leet is held within this forest, by the style of the court of the manor of Oglebird, but from what original we have not been able to discover; nor

enchanting echo of this singular spot, met his ear, and was quickly answered by the soft sound of "Idonea, ever-beloved Idonea!" From hence Cyrus, darting round by the bridge, quickly joined the object of his adoration, and wandered with her through the delightful meadows which surrounded her dwelling; or, if time and weather permitted, led her to the more secluded shades of the park, where, when fatigued with the length of their ramble, they ever found  
rest

hath the word occurred in any record or other evidence that hath fallen under our notice, save only that one of the enclosures belonging to the estate purchased by the countess of Pembroke at Temple-Sowerby is called Oglebird Bank." Thus far these authors; but sir Matthew Hale, as quoted by Mr. Hutchinson, says that "Robert de Vertipont had a grant from king John of the liberties of *free warren* and *free chase* only over the whole forest of Oglebird, in which the manor of Brougham is included." This manor is separate from the Castle; it belongs to the family of Brougham, whose residence is Brougham Hall, already mentioned:

rest and refreshment, graced with a cordial welcome, in Julian's bower, an antique structure, built by Roger de Clifford\* for the habitation of a favourite mistress, but, at the period now under consideration, inhabited by old Burbeck the gamekeeper and his ancient spouse.

This couple, who had no children of their own, loved the youthful Cyrus beyond any other human being. From childhood many of his hours had been passed in their society. Burbeck had taught him to aim the arrow or level the gun at the marked deer, to arrest the whirring gorr-cock on its flight, and to lure the speckled inmates of the Eden and the Eamont. In the stormy nights of winter he often sat by their fire, and  
listened

\* Roger de Clifford became possessed of Brougham Castle in right of his wife, the lady Isabella, great-granddaughter to Robert de Vetripont. He built the chief part of that castle, the ruins of which only now remain, and, in the quaint style of the times, placed over the inner door this inscription—"This made Roger."

listened to the tales of other days, to the martial deeds of the Vetriponts and the Cliffords; and if at any time chance prevented the accustomed meetings on the banks of the Eden, Cyrus and Idonea found a sure place of rendezvous at Julian's bower.

Such was the situation of affairs, when, as has already been said, Mr. Brisco decided to send his son Arthur to study at Glasgow—a circumstance which, by awakening in his friend Cyrus an attention to his own situation, induced him to examine that situation, and the feelings of his heart, more closely than he had ever done before, and the result was a belief that his only chance of earthly happiness consisted in being permitted to embrace the retirement which the profession of divinity would afford; and in being blessed with the hand of Idonea Rokeby, he felt that both these sources of felicity were in the gift of others. From Crowthwaite, his nominal parent, he must obtain



tain leave to devote himself to the study of theology, and Mr. Rokeby alone could bestow on him his lovely daughter.

But how should he aspire to be the husband of Idonea while involved in obscurity, ignorant of his family, alone and unconnected in the world?

With a mind charged with these reflections, he went to accompany Miss Rokeby in her evening-walk in Whinfield Park. Accustomed to translate every turn of his intelligent countenance, she quickly observed its pensive expression, and solicited him to explain the cause. They never concealed a thought from each other, nor in the present instance was it his wish to do so. He led her to a rustic seat, which himself had assisted Burbeck to rear beneath a spreading beech, and there, in the impassioned and energetic language of a lover, explained to her the feelings, the wishes, the hopes, and the fears of his heart.—“ Could I,” he continued, while he clasped

clasped the unreluctant hand of Idonea with both his, "could I but remove this hateful obscurity, and discover my relatives and connexions, and were I assured that this dear hand should one day be mine, how gladly would I accompany Arthur to Glasgow, and devote myself to study!"

The light spirits of Idonea, sanguine in expectation, and yet undepressed by the evils of life, were alive only to hope. She could perceive but one dark shade in the present prospect; that was the distance which would separate her from Cyrus during the time of his residence at the university. But it seemed unavoidable, and with the bright perspective of future happiness they endeavoured to eradicate the gloom which the hearts of both deeply felt would attend such a separation.

Cyrus, with the wonted, impatient ardour of youth, could not rest until he had put his projects in train. On his  
return

return to the Castle, his first inquiry was for Crosthwaite. Learning that he was in his study, he repaired thither, and, after some previous conversation, hinted, in earnest though respectful terms, a wish to be made acquainted with those circumstances relating to himself which had hitherto been kept from his knowledge.

Cadmus listened to his young friend with a silence which he continued to preserve for nearly half an hour after Cyrus ceased speaking, while the latter anxiously watched his countenance, and endeavoured to translate its expression; but the effort was vain. His large eyes were fixed in vacancy, and his mind was so totally abstracted, that its operations did not affect a single muscle of his face. At the conclusion of the period before mentioned, he turned to his companion, and addressed him in the following words, delivered in a solemn and sonorous tone of voice—“Young man, I am not surprised

surprised that you should deem it strange in me, and inconsistent with the supereminent regard I have ever manifested for you, to occlude from you circumstances which so nearly concern you ; but if it had been in my power to dilucidate those circumstances, I would doubtless have taken an opportunity, without comperendination, to imbue you with the indoctrination ; but whatever volition I may feel to withhold from you such indoctrination, I am compelled to conglutinate to such a mode of conduct, as I whilom gave your father a solemn and indestructible promise never to disclose to you the smallest particle or circumstance relating to your birth, family, or connexions. As I cannot aberrate from that promise without being guilty of the most culpable turpitude, I must, as I said before, conglutinate to it ; and as you are too well acquainted with my firmness and decision to suppose I will ever lancinate  
such

such a promise, and will do me the justice to believe that I am not actuated by any vituperable or questuary motives, but purely by a sense of rectitude, I counsel, charge, exhort, and command you never to mention the subject more."

Having concluded this speech, he abruptly quitted the study, as if unwilling to behold the disappointment of his ward, whom he left overwhelmed with surprise and dismay.

Cyrus, sanguine in hope, had scarcely permitted himself to dwell on the possibility that Crosthwaite would refuse to satisfy his inquiries; but now that he had not only given such a refusal in positive terms, but assigned as a reason a solemn promise made to his father, he felt a crowd of feelings and sensations rising in his breast, more painful than any which had hitherto inhabited it. His fate indeed seemed peculiarly cruel, for agonizing to a heart of sensibility was the conviction that the parent to

whom it owed existence had himself severed the bonds of nature, and dissolved for ever the tie which bound his hapless offspring to his family and connexions. In vain he harassed his mind to discover a probable reason for this unfeeling, this unnatural conduct. He could form many suppositions which wore the appearance of probability, but he was so totally in the dark as to every circumstance respecting himself, that he only wandered in a trackless wild of conjectures, without being able to find any resting-place which wore even the shadow of certainty.

With an oppressed heart he retired to his pillow, from which, for the first time in his life, care and anxiety had banished repose. The cruel command of his unknown parent shook him in horror from his broken slumbers, and chained his mind to a subject which was to him no less interesting than distressing.

When he rose in the morning, he  
made



made it his first care to seek a private interview with Prudence, in the faint hope that it might be in her power to afford him some information respecting his origin. It was, indeed, a very faint hope, for his perfect knowledge of her character induced him to believe, that had such a secret been in her possession, he must long since have been made acquainted with it, as her bosom could no more have contained it than a single apartment could contain an army.

The lapse of years had not obliterated from the memory of Prudence any circumstance concerning the stranger who once visited Brougham Castle, and who she conjectured to be the father of Cyrus. The concealment, and other peculiar circumstances which enveloped this stranger, had strongly excited her curiosity; and during the long interval of time which had since elapsed, the subject had never recurred to her mind unaccompanied by a sensation of painful  
G 2 regret

regret that such curiosity still remained ungratified. When, therefore, Cyrus, with his accustomed candour, related to her the conversation which had passed between her husband and himself the preceding evening, she seized the opportunity of exercising her lungs on the subject; and taking up the story at the period of Cyrus's introduction into her family, she related every subsequent event in which he was in any shape concerned; on the singular circumstances which marked the visit of his supposed father, she expatiated so particularly, that she did not even omit to confess that curiosity carried her to listen at the study-door, and of course she narrated her fall down stairs, and the chain of disasters consequent thereon.

Cyrus listened with the deepest degree of attention to her communications; but so far were they from fixing his ideas, or directing them to any rule of certainty, that they only served to lead him  
him

him into a fresh maze of conjectures. That the person now described by Prudence was indeed his father, seemed highly probable; but who that father was, whether he were still in existence, and why he had, with such unnatural barbarity, disowned his child, and annihilated every relative tie which bound him to his fellow-beings, were circumstances shrouded in unfathomable obscurity. In vain he examined the watch which Mrs. Crosthwaite told him was given him by his supposed parent; no name which could furnish any hint or clue to inquiry was to be found on either it or any of its appendages. He had, it is true, been accustomed to hear himself addressed by the name of Dacre, and had been taught to subjoin that name to his baptismal one of Cyrus; but Prudence assured him that to none of the Dacre family, in whose service Cadmus had formerly been, could he possibly owe his existence; and indeed it

G 3.

seemed.

seemed very unlikely that the person of whom they had just been discoursing, who appeared to hold him in such horror that he refused to see him, who mentioned him by the frigid appellation of an *unfortunate being*, and who had certainly enjoined Crosthwaite to everlasting silence on every subject connected with his family, should permit him to retain any name to which he had a right, any by which the world could possibly recognise him.

Cruel, unfeeling parent, who had thus thrown from him his unoffending child! what dreadful crime could he have committed which was thus visited on his hapless offspring? Prudence and Cyrus exhausted every probable conjecture on the subject; but after wearying and bewildering themselves, they were as far as ever from certainty.

Cyrus next wondered whether his father still lived, but on this subject also he was doomed to wonder in vain, though

though Mrs. Crosthwaite could scarcely admit the possibility of his existence, for the ill state of health in which he appeared at the time she saw him, which was now upwards of thirteen years since, seemed to preclude all supposition that he still survived. Cyrus might indeed have made the inquiry of Crosthwaite, though certainly with little chance of having it answered in a satisfactory manner; but he was so much dispirited by the painful nature of the conversation which had passed the preceding evening, that he had not courage to again enter on any topic connected with the subject, not even to express the wish he had formed of accompanying his friend to the university, and, least of all, did he feel disposed, at the existing juncture, to hint the hopes and the wishes he entertained respecting Idonea Rokeby.

After breakfast he repaired with a heavy heart to the rectory, where he was generally accustomed to devote an

hour or two of the morning to study with Mr. Dalston. The acute observation of that gentleman perceived the cloud of melancholy which lowered on the brow of his young friend, and his solicitous inquiries soon drew from his ingenuous bosom every particular concerning its cause.

Mr. Dalston did not feel much surprised by the communications of his young friend; for whenever he had taken the liberty, which his intimacy with Crosthwaite warranted, of hinting an inquiry concerning the origin of Cyrus, the manner in which his questions were evaded gave him to understand that the matter was, and probably would ever be, a profound secret. It will not be thought that he deviated from charity in supposing that the cause of this secrecy originated in some criminal, or at least censurable action, committed by one or both of the parents of Cyrus; it was a supposition which almost every  
one



one would have formed on the subject, and which it was not difficult to perceive Cyrus himself now harboured. He saw that his reverend friend harboured it also, but it was a topic which every principle of feeling and of filial tenderness forbade them to discuss.

Not so the wish which Dacre expressed of taking holy orders; that wish met the decided and unequivocal approbation of Mr. Dalston, who now advised him to lose no time in mentioning it to Crosthwaite, as he alone could ascertain whether the pecuniary circumstances in which his ward was placed were such as would enable him to carry his wish into execution.

Cyrus took his advice, and when he next had an opportunity of being alone with Crosthwaite, came to the point at once, by asking his permission to commence his studies at Glasgow at the same time with Arthur Brisco.

Cadmus heard him without interrup-  
G 5 tion,

tion, and when he ceased speaking, drew his visage to a more extended length, rolled his large eyes, and paused.

Cyrus thought the pause prophetic, and felt his spirits sink. The portentous silence continued for a quarter of an hour, and then, with all the solemnity of the oracles of Delphos or Dodona, the eventful sentence was pronounced in the following words:—"Cyrus, I had no proleptical conception of your motive for sevocating me hither this evening, though it required no great degree of metoposcopal knowledge to perceive that it was one which interested you highly; and it is therefore with much nolition I give you the indoctrination, that the second solemn and indestructible command given by your father is, that you never shall, upon any account whatever, be ordained a minister of the church of England. You perhaps think all these orders of your father very unproficuous, and opaquely incomprehensible, but  
your

your cogitations on this subject are of no avail; I have solemnly promised to see them complied with, and my promise is indestructible; his orders cannot be tergiversated, and I have therefore to exhort and command you to give up all thoughts of going to Glasgow, and to remain quietly at Brougham. The property which I hold in trust for you is sufficient for all your wants in retirement; a circumforaneous life you must not lead. Let us then have no deviation on the subject, but submit with a good grace to what you cannot remedy. Do not, however, adopt the postulatum that I have now dilucidated all the commands of your father; they are more omnigenous than you suppose, and it is of material consequence that you should not take any momentous step in life without my cognisance and concurrence, lest you should unwittingly commit the very actions against which it is my sacred though afflictive duty to guard.

G 6.

you;

you; there yet remains an injunction of particular importance, but it is not at present necessary to embue you with it; when I see occasion I shall do it."

Alas! unhappy Cyrus! thus were his cherished visions blasted at once! thus was the foundation on which he had built his best hopes of earthly felicity sapped for ever! he must resign the intention of taking orders, and with it the hope of enjoying the peaceful serenity and tranquil leisure which the clerical function affords to its professors; but he knew by experience, that from the imposing commands of his mystic parent, promulgated by his oracle Crosthwaite, there was no appeal.

At the age of eighteen the human heart is too buoyant, too much under the influence of hope, to be long the victim of chagrin and disappointment. Cyrus became submissive, though not reconciled to unavoidable necessity; Arthur Brisco departed for Scotland; and  
Idonea,

Idonea, left to the sole enjoyment of her lover's society, could not prevail on herself to feel much regret that Crosthwaite, or rather the unknown parent of Cyrus, had interdicted the study of divinity.

One morning in August, as the family at Brougham were taking breakfast, the trampling of horses, and a loud knocking at the Castle gate, announced the arrival of strangers. Cadmus, accompanied by Cyrus, went to the gate, where they found two gentlemen, habited for grouse-shooting; and early as the morning was, they were so completely covered with dust, that it was evident such had been their employment for some hours. Crosthwaite instantly addressed the younger of the two by the name of Sibbald, which was that of his landlord, and Cyrus knowing that gentleman to have a son, was at no loss to guess that he now beheld him.

Mr. Sibbald introduced his companion

nion as a Mr. Dunning. Cadmus welcomed both with much cordiality, and leading the way into the house, presented them to his spouse, who, on finding they had not breakfasted, busied herself in preparing a repast, which was duly honoured by her guests, who very frankly accepted an invitation, which Cadmus had penetration enough to see would be agreeable, of remaining some time at the Castle. They appeared to be perfectly pleased with their situation, and treated every member of the family with the most easy *nonchalance*, while their hosts, on their part, showed them all due respect and attention. Crosthwaite could not be otherwise than polite to the son and friend of his landlord, and Prudence was highly gratified by the complaisance with which they listened to her chronicle of the neighbourhood, not only that part which related to living persons, but also the legends of giants, witches, ghosts, and fairies, with



with which her capacious memory was stored. Perhaps, indeed, they found more amusement in the narrator than the narrative; but be that as it may, any person possessed of a grain more of penetration than belonged to the pericranium of Prudence might have seen that there was one subject peculiarly interesting to Dunning; that subject was whatever related to the family of Rokeby, concerning whom he inquired every the most minute particular, with an earnestness which evidently had its origin in a motive far stronger than mere curiosity; yet whatever desire he evinced to hear about the Rokebys, he certainly had none to associate with them, constantly contriving to make a retreat whenever Mr. and Mrs. Rokeby called at Brougham, and declining the polite invitations he received to visit Temple-Sowerby together with the family whose guest he was. Miss Rokeby he did not appear to be desirous of avoiding; he

he was several times in company with her during his stay at the Castle, and paid her much attention ; yet he seemed anxious to have it understood that it was the attention of esteem and friendship, not of admiration or of love ; indeed that species of admiration connected with passion, and having Idonea Rokeby for its object, would have ill assorted with Dunning's age, which evidently exceeded that of her father.

But if Dunning shunned the elder Rokebys, and beheld the fair Idonea without being enraptured and enamoured, it was far otherwise with his juvenile companion, Sibbald ; he either was, or chose to appear, most violently in love, visited Temple-Sowerby much oftener than his company was desired by any one there, and persecuted Idonea with copies of verses, and professions of admiration and adoration, all of which she firmly and uniformly rejected. Well could her acute and penetrating  
mind,

mind, yet unwarped and uncontaminated by jealousy or suspicion, distinguish between truth and falsehood, reality and fiction; nor did it require even the reflection of a moment to convince her that the genuine merits of Cyrus Dacre were as much superior to the varnished manners of Sibbald, as is the diamond of the East to the shining bauble of glass; and armed with this conviction, her heart shrunk with disgust and horror from the proffered regards of the latter, and clung with augmented tenderness to the object of its faithful affections.

To Cyrus the society of these strangers was most irksome and disgusting; they believed, or affected to believe, him the illegitimate son of Crosthwaite, and as such, treated him as an object wholly beneath their notice. But whatever honour they might imagine that notice conferred or withheld, certain it is, that Cyrus would have thought it the next disagreeable

disagreeable thing to their presence, of which he became every day more and more weary. There was a profligate licentiousness in the manners of Dunning, and an envious malignity in those of his companion, which made the pure and well-regulated mind of Dacre recoil with disgust from all interchange of sentiments with them; but when the penetration of a lover discovered what a regard for the peace of Cyrus induced Idonea to conceal, the passion of Sibbald, he felt the torments of jealousy added to contempt and dislike, and scarce could his respect for Crosthwaite prevent him from coming to an open rupture with Sibbald—an event which it was easy to foresee must happen, should they remain much longer under the same roof together.

After staying upwards of three weeks at Brougham, Dunning took leave, alleging that particular business required his presence at Whitehaven, and promising

mising to return when it should be dispatched. Sibbald did not offer to quit his quarters; but in the beginning of September, Idonea and Cyrus beheld a prospect of being released from his disagreeable society.

Lyulph Brisco, after an absence of thirteen years, was come home to pass a few months with his parents, his health being in rather a delicate state, in consequence of a wound he had recently received, from which, however, he was so far recovered, that quiet and change of air were alone judged requisite to effect his perfect restoration. Arthur was coming from Glasgow to give his brother the meeting, and Dacre and Miss Rokeby were invited to join the happy party assembled at Watermillock. They accepted the invitation with the sincerest pleasure, for every circumstance apparently conspired to render this little excursion delightful. The most refined social happiness might be expected beneath

neath the roof of Mr. Brisco; there at least Sibbald could not enter to disturb their repose, and the season of autumn is that in which the beautiful shades of Ullswater wear their most attractive form. An early day in the ensuing week was fixed on for their departure; Mr. Rokeby was to accompany them to Watermillock, and return the next day, and all was joy and gaiety in the perspective.

## CHAPTER VII.

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THREE days before that appointed for the journey to Watermillock, Burbeck, the gamekeeper at Whinfield Park, proposed that a doe should be hunted—a species of amusement peculiarly adapted to the taste of the inhabitants of Temple-Sowerby and its neighbourhood, few of whom

whom ever failed to attend on such occasions. Mr. Rokeby, who was exceedingly fond of the chase, had early accustomed his daughter to join in' it, which she did with spirit and pleasure, and managed her courser with grace and agility.

Idonea was a simple country-girl of the seventeenth century; her wild, untutored spirit, active and lively as the piercing air of her native mountains, shrunk not from the fatigues or the dangers of her father's favourite sport; if, however, she must be accused of "uncomely courage, unbecoming skill," and if the fair equestrians of the present day are not found a party sufficient to protect her, she must plead guilty to the charge, and have done with it; for it is the province of the biographer to relate facts, not to apologize for or extenuate them.

The bright sun of an early autumnal morning illumined the blue vault of
heaven,

heaven, when the hunters assembled in Whinfield Park. Mr. Rokeby was mounted on a spirited animal, not less eager for the chase than his master. By his side was his lovely daughter, who, gracefully habited in green, and surrounded by the venerable oaks of the Park, might have been sketched for Diana in a grove dedicated to her worship.

Near her was one of the most ardent of her votaries, the fashionable and self-approving Mr. Sibbald, whose compliments, like the mitres of Sterne, descended "thick as hail." To those compliments Idonea was compelled, at every opportunity, to listen; for Sibbald was neither to be repulsed by silence, nor awed by reproof.

Not far from this group was Mr. Cadmus Crosthwaite, capering and curveting on a highly-prancing steed. Cadmus was too much a lover of good living to keep an inhospitable stable; but certainly a less-pampered animal would have suited his horsemanship better;
for

for though a constant attendant at every deer, fox, and hare chase within ten miles round, he was a superlatively-bad rider, was never in at the death, had twice been thrown into a ditch, and once into a pond. All these disasters, however, did not deter him from attending on the present occasion; and while Sibbald was entertaining Miss Rokeby in the manner already described, his host was edifying old Burbeck with a dissertation on all the celebrated hunters of antiquity from Nimrod to Orion.

Near him stood the graceful figure of Cyrus Dacre, leaning one arm on his horse, his expressive eyes bent with solicitous inquietude on Miss Rokeby and Sibbald. Never, on any former excursion, had he been absent from the side of Idonea, but now that valued place was filled by another; yet he felt by no means disposed to tamely resign it, and was advancing to assert his claim, when Idonea happened to smile at some observation

servation of her companion. The smile struck like the fang of an adder on the heart of Cyrus, and infused the deadly poison of jealousy into a soil but too susceptible of that fatal passion. From that moment the flowery wreath of love became a bitter and galling chain. In proportion to the strength of his passion—and a more ardent one never animated a human bosom—so were the torments he suffered; but he formed the instant resolution of suffering them in silence. In fact, he as yet knew not half their strength; the sensation of wounded pride which mingled with his first feelings, he mistook for the dawnings of indifference, and believing that Idonea no longer felt for him the preference which she had once acknowledged, he thought he should find no difficulty in banishing her image from his heart.

“ Shall I dispute her affections with that vain, vicious wretch ?” said he mentally ; “ no ! if she has withdrawn them
from

from me to bestow them on him, they are not worth another thought."

While these ideas crossed his mind, Idonea happened first to observe him; her fine eyes sparkled with augmented brilliancy, and while the smile of innocent pleasure dimpled on her cheek, she waved her hand to invite his approach. Love for a moment triumphed over jealousy and resentment, and Dacre was placing his foot on the stirrup to obey the invitation, when the blasting recollection struck to his heart that this treacherous smile had beamed also on Sibbald. The fiend-like tormentors of his bosom returned, and darting on the astonished Idonea a look replete with that haughtiness which formed a striking feature of his character when he thought himself injured or neglected, he led his horse to another part of the park, and hastily addressed to Mr. Brisco an inquiry after the health of his son.

Lyulph, he was told, continued con-

alescent. Cyrus expressed himself happy to hear it; but had any one the next moment addressed the same inquiry to himself, he could not, had even his life depended on it, have repeated the answer of Mr. Brisco; not that he felt uninterested in the fate of the gentleman in question—far from it; he earnestly wished to cultivate his friendship, but his mind was in a state little short of temporary frenzy; his thoughts, words, and actions, were disjointed, and his questions and replies were merely mechanical.

From this state of mental distraction he was roused by the cry of the hounds, eager for the chase, and the music of the winding horn, which woke a thousand echoes in the surrounding hills; the fatal signal was given, and all

“The savage soul of game was up at once!”

The poor, devoted deer, whom her soft-coated companions had shunned, as if by
instinct,

instinct, from the moment she was marked for pursuit, flew, with the fleetness of the winds, over the level, green, and grassy knolls of the park, burst the tangled furze and underwood, and sought the refuge of the thickest shades; from hence her deep-mouthed enemies soon expelled her, and, in concert with the hunters, now wholly absorbed, and almost wild in the pursuit, traced her course, until, faint and exhausted, the poor animal plunged into the Eden, about three miles below Temple-Sowerby, and was followed by numbers of both her rational and irrational tormentors. How such of the *dramatis personæ* of this book as were present at this memorable hunting disposed of themselves after the deer took the water, it will now be proper to relate.

Mr. Brisco was at all times too ardent in the chase to take much care of his neck; he also made it a point to be always in at the death, and of course was

the first, together with old Burbeck, to follow the hounds.

Exclusive of Miss Rokeby, there was only one female present, a lady of the neighbourhood, who, being by far too keen a sportswoman to give in from any apprehensions of danger, forded the river immediately after the gentlemen just mentioned. Idonea kept close by the side of her father as long as she could, until the speed of Mr. Rokeby's horse surpassed that on which she was mounted. It is probable he would not have suffered his partiality for the chase to have carried him away from her, had he not known that she would be most carefully attended by a faithful servant, who was an excellent horseman, and never lost sight of his young lady on such occasions as the present. But the chase no longer afforded pleasure to Idonea; the sun of joy which had risen for her in the morning was set in a cloud of anxiety, like too many of the evanescent pleasures

pleasures of youth. The stern and haughty look of Dacre, so unlike those melting glances of love and tenderness that used to beam on her from the fine eyes of her lover, was never for a moment absent from her mind. On every former pleasurable excursion, Cyrus had been her constant and assiduous attendant; but now her eye had only encountered his form in the first outset, for he had far surpassed her in speed. Wearied and dejected, therefore, she felt glad when the deer plunged into the Eden, as her father would not then expect her to continue the chase; and calling to Ambrose, desired him to assist her in dismounting, intending to rest awhile on the bank of the river, where a thickly-woven shade of plane trees, elms, and hazel, invited her to repose her wearied frame, and seek to collect her harassed spirits. She had reason to believe that the chief part of the hunters who intend-

ed to ford the river, were now gone by, and that here she should be at liberty to commune with her own sad thoughts, without fear of interruption. Seating herself on the turf, while Ambrose led the horses about at a little distance, she fell into a train of reflections, the subject of which may be easily guessed, and which, had they been long indulged, would rather have tended to augment the dejection of her spirits than to dispel it; but she had not occupied her seat above three minutes, when her reverie was broken by the approaching sound of hoofs, and looking up, to her equal surprise and dismay, she beheld Sibbald, who, having no inclination for a cold bath, checked his horse on the brink of the river, and in the very same moment discovering Miss Rokeby, sprang from his saddle, and threw himself at her feet.

The surprise was so sudden, and the action so ridiculous, and to her so disagreeable,

greeable, that she could not immediately collect her ideas sufficiently to express her displeasure.

Sibbald, either really mistaking her silence for tacit encouragement, or choosing to construe it to his own advantage, soon quitted the posture he had chosen, and seating himself beside her on the turf, exclaimed with a theatrical air and accent—"Why, fair Diana, goddess of these silvan shades, why have you left your votaries to wander in the chase without your presence to guide them? have their sins, their faults, and their follies, provoked you to abandon them? or have you chosen this cool and shady grove, in which to sit enshrined, and receive the adoration of your worshippers? If so, fair goddess, accept of mine!" and he again bent his knee before her, while Idonea, vexed and distressed by his egregious folly, attempted every moment to interrupt this rhapsody of nonsense; but the effort was vain—"Or

have you, charming maid," he resumed, while he looked up in her face with a gaze so intrepid and impertinent, that the timidity of youth and inexperience shrunk from it abashed—"have you another object of pursuit, a game more noble than a weak, flying deer—the heart of a lover? Yes! by all the darts of Cupid, it is, it must be so! Yet surely it cannot, it shall not be that Dacre, as they call him, the son of Crosthwaite! surely Miss Rokeby would not condescend to waste a thought on him, or to heed the glances of petulant disrespect which he had the insolence to cast on her this morning."

At these pointed words the vivid crimson rushed to the cheek of Idonea, and her eyes fell beneath the stare of determined scrutiny which the bold and artful Sibbald fixed on her. Hitherto she had contented herself with saying, when she could obtain leave to speak—"Sir, I must beg you will cease this trifling;

fling; to you it may possibly afford amusement, to me it does not." But now, when her partiality for Dacre was openly hinted at, when she was tauntingly reminded of the unkind and haughty manner in which he had treated her but a few hours before, she unfortunately swerved from that cautious prudence, which, had she given more time to reflection, would have instructed her to repel, with contempt and disdain, the insolent inquiries of Sibbald; and listening only to the dictates of female delicacy and wounded pride, she obeyed the impulse of the moment, and resolving to exonerate herself from all suspicion of a partiality for Dacre, she exclaimed, though without venturing to raise her eyes to those of her tormentor—"I must beg to assure you, sir, that you are strangely mistaken. Mr. Dacre's looks, like those of any other person to whom one is perfectly indifferent, are matters of no consequence to me."

The artful Sibbald quickly perceived and followed up his advantage. Discarding the air of levity which he had hitherto worn, he assumed one of seriousness and respect. Rising from his posture of mock humiliation, and seating himself near Idonea on the turf, he said, with well-feigned earnestness—"My dear Miss Rokeby, if I have said any thing to give you offence, I implore your pardon; hitherto I have only been in jest, but now I am far otherwise, and must take the liberty of saying, that I sincerely rejoice to hear you say that this Dacre is an object of indifference to you, for he has not only had the vanity and insolence to boast of your partiality for him, but I know, from indisputable authority, that he has asserted your engagements with him to be such as neither party could recede from." Here the subtle fiend paused, and watched the countenance of his fair auditor, to mark the
the

the progress of the poison he was instilling.

If there existed a mind on earth in which suspicion found no lurking-place, it was that of Idonea Rokeby. From her first acquaintance with Cyrus, down to the present moment, she had never doubted his faith and honour; but now her reliance on his fidelity was torn up by the roots. Young, inexperienced, and educated in retirement, she was consequently credulous and unsuspecting. Sibbald easily read her character; but instead of admiring and respecting its unadulterated simplicity and integrity, as a virtuous and worthy man would have done, he basely took advantage of it, and determined to effect a breach between her and Dacre, which should not be easily healed. He was too subtle, too well acquainted with the human heart, to attempt doing this by exciting her jealousy; that "green-eyed monster," he well knew, but adds fuel to the flame

of love, and is active and vigorous only in proportion to the strength of that passion. No, it was by alarming her delicacy, by piquing her pride, and by raising her indignation, that he hoped to succeed in severing the tie which bound her to her lover. The unsuspecting Idonea fell into the snare; she did not give Sibbald credit for that degree of penetration which could enable him to discover the regard which subsisted between herself and Dacre, and consequently believed his assertion, that Dacre himself had made it his boast—a belief grievous and insupportable to female delicacy.

The artful Sibbald easily read the workings of her mind, and pursued his advantage by saying, with the utmost seeming indifference and freedom from design—"I was certain that Dacre was uttering a string of falsehoods concerning you; but indeed I do not wonder at it, for I have seen and heard so much of his baseness since I came to Brougham,
that

that I cannot be surprised at any thing he does. He has completely the weak side of the old man ; and as to the poor, foolish woman, Crosthwaite's wife, she absolutely dotes on him ; but notwithstanding their blind partiality, they are but too well acquainted with many of his errors, though they screen them from the eyes of the world. I have indeed learned some shocking circumstances concerning him since my residence in this country ; but you must excuse my silence on that point, for they are such as I cannot repeat to you."

When black and ambiguous hints like these are given concerning any one, the imagination of the hearer, left with a wide field of conjecture to roam in, is sure to conjure up every possible crime, and lay them to the charge of the absent, traduced party ; thus it was with Idonea. Ignorant, as she was innocent, of guile and deceit, her unsuspecting heart could not form an idea that Sibbald was

imposing

imposing on her a base farrago of designing falsehoods. His present situation, a resident under the same roof with Cyrus, might certainly be supposed to afford him a favourable opportunity of becoming acquainted with his private and domestic character and conduct. She could not doubt that Cyrus had indeed boasted of the acknowledgment of regard, and the vow of fidelity, which he had himself drawn from her; for she had never breathed a syllable on the subject, not even to her parents, though her father, she had reason to think, saw and did not disapprove her partiality for Dacre, and that which, till this fatal moment, she had believed Dacre felt for her. But the hopes and the confidence of love existed no longer; the behaviour of Cyrus in the morning had blasted them all; nor did Idonea ever once suspect the source in which that behaviour originated; for though he had certainly, for some time past, been jealous of Sibald,

bald,

bald, his haughty spirit would never stoop to own that it harboured such an inmate as jealousy. To what then, but to a total dereliction from honour and principle, could she ascribe his conduct? Alas! she thought it too fatally confirmed the assertions of Sibbald; had she reflected indeed, had she measured back the years of tenderness and of goodness which she had seen pass over the head of Dacre, she might perhaps have discarded the new and dangerous guest of her bosom—Suspicion. But this was not the moment for reflection; her pride, her delicacy, and her feelings, were wounded, and she firmly believed that she spoke the dictates of both her heart and her reason, when she replied to the vague but insidious charge of criminality which Sibbald preferred against her lover—"Mr. Dacre and his conduct, sir, are alike indifferent to me—I have nothing to do with them;" but in the moment that she uttered these words,

words, the starting wildness of her averted eye, the faint glow which tinged her whitened cheek, and the trembling agitation of her nerves, were harbingers of the agony which was gathering in her lacerated bosom.

CHAPTER VIII.

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CYRUS, only anxious to escape from seeing Idonea listening to the addresses of Sibbald, galloped after the hounds with the swiftness of an eagle; but he soon found that speed could not abstract his thoughts from the object of his love and his fears, and that distance only augmented his jealous tortures. He had neither spirits nor inclination to continue the chase, and when the deer and her pursuers quitted the earth, and sought a new element, he resolved to return home,

home, and checking his horse, took a path a little to the right, that he might avoid meeting the rest of the hunters. But how frail are the resolutions of a lover! he had scarcely retraced five hundred yards of the space which intervenes between the Eden and Brougham Castle, when the image of Idonea, smiling on Sibbald, his abhorred rival, flashed on his mind; and unable to bear the soul-distracting picture which his imagination had conjured up, he determined to again join the hunters. In fact, the conflict between love and jealousy had been very severe, but victory now inclined to the former; and while he fancied that his motive in turning back was to seek Sibbald and revenge, the real objects of attraction were Idonea and reconciliation.

When he had recovered about half his lost way back, he met Crosthwaite journeying towards Brougham.—“How now, Cyrus,” said he, “whence comes this comperendination? I think you  
have

have deteriorated from the usual velocity of your horsemanship; you have not yet forded the stream, and yet, if one may judge by the anhelation of your courser, your progress has been rapid."

Cyrus, in reply, briefly said that he had intended to return home, but had changed his mind.

"Why," returned Cadmus, "Phœbus is so calefactive at this meridian hour, that I am nearly occeated, and have therefore determined on a recession, and shall claudicate in the first gelid shade I can find, until a recheat is sounded, for I am convinced the doe will escape."

With these words they parted, and Cyrus pursuing his way towards the Eden, reached the spot where Idonea and Sibbald were seated, at the precise moment in which, as before related, the lady was assuring the gentleman, that neither Mr. Dacre nor his conduct were objects of any interest to her.

Her

Her back was turned towards the road ; of course she did not perceive Cyrus, but her companion did, and saw also that he was observing them with looks of jealous fury.

Though a most egregious coward, Sibbald, for once in his life, felt his courage elevated to a pitch that inspired him with a desire of triumphing over his rival ; and knowing that Dacre, who had checked his horse, was now within hearing, he affected not to have heard distinctly what Idonea said when she uttered the words recited near the close of the last chapter. “ Madam !” said he, with a look which implied a wish that she would repeat the sentence.

Miss Rokeby, unconscious of who heard her, fell into the snare, and replied — “ I only said, sir, that Mr. Dacre is a person perfectly indifferent to me.”

“ False, perjured woman !” exclaimed Cyrus, leaping from his horse, and rushing into the grove. “ Infernal villain !”

he

he added, directing the force of his fury towards Sibbald, who, already repenting his temerity in having provoked this storm, was looking about for his horse, and planning a retreat, which his antagonist was about to take effectual measures to prevent, when his purpose was arrested by a groan so loud, so deep, so impressive, that it superseded even love, jealousy, and revenge.

It has been asserted by sages who proclaim themselves to be deeply versed in the lore of antiquity, more especially in that of the Druids, that the pride of man erroneously arrogates to himself alone the faculty of clothing his thoughts in the garb of speech, for that each species of animals has a form of language peculiarly its own. Now it is well known that Druidical learning flourished nowhere more than in the county of Cumberland; of course we may infer that the horses of that county are peculiarly conversible. Hence it was that  
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the Rosinante of Crosthwaite, which had been most unwillingly turned into a direction contrary to that of the hounds, when he met his friend and associate, the steed of Cyrus, complained bitterly of the compulsion under which he was acting. Pyroetis, for so Crosthwaite himself had named the horse of Dacre, no doubt advised his brother courser to rebel against the authority of his rider, and, in defiance of rein and of lash, to resume the chase. The horse, we may conjecture, adopted his friend's counsel, and, wheeling about, once more followed the cry of the hounds, and galloped at full speed towards the Eden. Crosthwaite used the utmost exertions of his horsemanship to restrain him; but not having a clear conception of the proper method of managing the bridle, he galled the mouth of the animal so intolerably with the bit, that it compelled him to snort and rear his head. This movement threatened to shake Cadmus in

in his seat, and the measures he took to secure himself in it were ill calculated to answer that end; for, by shortening his hold of the bridle, and grasping it with a firmer hand, he only augmented the evil he sought to remove, and urged his flight to the very brink of the river. Here Crosthwaite, out of all patience, had recourse to his whip; the consequence was, that the animal plunged violently, threw his rider on the bank, and dashing into the water, pursued the chase.

It was the well-known voice of Crosthwaite, groaning in anguish beneath his bruises and sufferings, which struck on the ear of Cyrus, and arrested his vengeance when ready to fall on the devoted head of Sibbald. Alive only to gratitude and affection for the protector of his infancy, even Idonea was forgotten in the feeling of the moment; and rushing to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, he threw himself on  
the

the ground beside the fallen Cadmus, took his hand, felt his pulse, and, in a voice of tender anxiety, entreated him to speak, and tell him where he was hurt.

“Oh, my scapula, my scapula is dislocated!” groaned Cadmus.

Cyrus examined the part, as well as the time and place would permit, and being satisfied that the bone was not out of the socket, told the patient that he hoped his fears on that head were groundless.

“Then my clavicle is fractured. Oh! oh! oh!” rejoined Crosthwaite.

While he uttered these words, Miss Rokeby and her attendant came up to the spot. Agonized as she was by the recent communications of Sibbald, and the short but keen reproaches of Dacre, she could not behold any one, more especially a friend of her father, in the situation of Crosthwaite, without offering him every alleviation of pity and attention.

tion. Kneeling down by him, she inquired, with compassionate tenderness, how he felt himself, and proposed that Ambrose should go immediately to Brougham Castle to procure assistance.

While she spoke, Cyrus gazed alternately on her and on his suffering friend, while every feeling of his soul rushed by turns to his varying countenance, which one moment softened to pity, and the next wore the deadly expression of jealousy, now melted to love, and then glowed with anger; sometimes too he cast a glance of frenzied wildness towards the grove in search of Sibbald; but that search was needless, for Sibbald, by no means relishing the fierce and menacing manner of Dacre, had very prudently guarded against its consequences, by mounting his horse and galloping off.

Poor Cadmus, writhing with pain, expressed his acquiescence in Miss Rokeby's proposal. "I am extremely reluctant

tant to give trouble," said he, "but I cannot at this present time evitate it; the continuity of my clavicle is destroyed, and until proper means are resorted to, to conglutinate the cohesion of the parts, I cannot expect to have any ataxia, or even somnolence."

Cyrus abhorred the very thought that his friend should owe an obligation to Idonea—to that Idonea who, but a few minutes before, he had heard declare to his hated rival, "that Mr. Dacre was a person perfectly indifferent to her;" but in the present case he could not avoid it, for either he must permit the servant to go to Brougham, as Miss Rokeby proposed, or solicit her permission for Ambrose to attend to Mr. Crosthwaite while himself rode home; and to ask a favour of her, or even to notice her, was what, in the existing state of his feelings, his haughty spirit could not submit to. He even felt, or tried to persuade himself that he felt, averse to remaining



maining near her until the necessary assistance should arrive ; but he quickly found that his forbearance in this point would not be put to the test, for when she had received Crosthwaite's consent to dispatching Ambrose to Brougham, she desired the latter to lead her mare to the spot where they then were, and assist her in mounting, saying she should ride immediately home.

Cyrus now felt a fresh flame of resentment against Idonea kindling in his breast ; he believed that Sibbald was waiting near, and that she was impatient to join him. *His* society, it was evident, no longer possessed a charm to detain her. How indeed should it, when he had heard her declare to Sibbald, " that Mr. Dacre was a person perfectly indifferent to her." These words were daggers, which, whenever they recurred to the memory of Cyrus, stabbed him to the heart. He thought too that her conduct in so soon leaving Crosthwaite  
in



in his present situation was unkind and unfeeling; but the fact was, Miss Rokeby was so much affected by the occurrences of the day, that she felt scarcely able to support herself, for the heart of Cyrus was not more deeply wounded by the words he had overheard, than was that of Idonea by both the conduct of Dacre in the morning, and the subsequent reports of Sibbald. Pride, however, enabled her to suppress her anguish while in the presence of its object, but her face was averted, nor did she once dare to encounter the glance of his eye. With regard to her leaving Crowthwaite, her remaining by him would have been of no service, for it was not in her power to render him any assistance; neither was she enabled to estimate either the nature or the extent of his sufferings, for his learned dialect was nearly unintelligible to her, though Cyrus, who had been accustomed to it from infancy, readily comprehended its purport; she

cannot then be justly accused of any breach of either friendship or humanity in setting out for Temple-Sowerby at the same time Ambrose did for Brougham. Less excusable was the behaviour of Cyrus, who could not prevail on himself to offer his once-loved Idonea even the trifling civility of his assistance in mounting her horse, nor even a parting bow; the hateful sentence still rang in his ears, and forgetting that he had been the original aggressor, he considered her as the most fickle of her sex, in having withdrawn her plighted affections from him, and bestowed them on a stranger, a worthless coxcomb.

Nor was Idonea at all more inclined to a conciliatory mode of conduct than her lover. Far from censuring her own imprudence in having so pointedly encouraged Sibbald, by repeatedly assuring him that she felt no partiality for Dacre, she fed the flame of resentment by dwelling on the haughty glance of Cyrus, and  
on

on the hint of Sibbald that he was acquainted with some shocking circumstances concerning him ; and after breathing to Cadmus her best wishes and prayers for his recovery, she rode off, without taking any more notice of Dacre than if he had stood on the bank of the Nile, instead of the Eden ; while he, though more than ever exasperated, would not suffer his contempt and resentment to interfere with his feelings of affection and gratitude, but compelled himself so far to notice the commission she had given Ambrose, as to request that he would be cautious in acquainting Mrs. Crosthwaite with the accident which had happened to her husband. But caution in this point was entirely useless, for Sibbald, who had ventured to peep out from amongst the trees while Cyrus was examining the hurts of Crosthwaite, had rode directly to Brougham, and proclaimed the evil tidings with as little of feeling or cau-

tion as he would have used in relating the death of the deer which had been hunted that morning.

Prudence, as may be supposed, was greatly alarmed, and extremely anxious to have Cadmus brought home, but observed that—"if he wad be sae venter-some as to ride full drive, it was nae wonder he sud faw; and though she hoped his showder was only wrampt, still the stound wad be sair to onder-gang."

She lost no time in dispatching the hind and another person, and consoled herself with the reflection that Cyrus would use all possible tenderness in removing him.

Sibbald, though he declared himself deeply grieved for Crosthwaite's accident, was in truth highly delighted that Dacre had such an employment as that of attending to him, since it would effectually prevent his return to Brougham during the short remainder of his own  
present

present stay there, which he resolved should not be many minutes, for he was by far too great a coward to risk a second meeting with his spirited rival. He did not, however, give to Mrs. Crosthwaite the slightest hint of his intended departure, but took to himself the merit of riding over to Penrith for a surgeon, a piece of kindness for which Prudence could not be otherwise than truly grateful.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Ambrose met the hind and the other person dispatched by Prudence before he could reach Brougham Castle. Finding that his embassy was rendered nugatory, he returned with them to the spot where Cadmus still lay groaning, his head supported by the arm of his affectionate young friend. They had provided themselves with a kind of litter, and on this they placed him, and conveyed him in safety to Brougham Castle.

If a wish of avoiding Dacre operated powerfully on Sibbald, Cyrus was not less strongly actuated by the contrary motive. He learned, on his return home, whither and on what errand he was gone, and waited with impatience his return from Penrith ; but this was fated to be a day of disappointment to him, for when the surgeon arrived, he brought with him a short note from Sibbald, addressed to Mrs. Crosthwaite, acquainting her that on reaching Penrith he found his friend Dunning there, from whom he learned that some important business required his immediate presence in a distant part of the county—he did not mention where, and concluded with expressing, in flourishing terms, his very deep regret for the cruel necessity which compelled him to absent himself from Brougham, at the time when his dear friend Crosthwaite had met with so unpleasant an accident.



## CHAPTER IX.



CROSTHWAITE was perfectly right in his conception of the consequences resulting from his fall; the collar-bone was indeed broken, but it was only a simple fracture, which being soon reduced, the surgeon did not apprehend any danger, and only enjoined his patient to rest, quiet, and temperance. The two first injunctions Cadmus scrupulously obeyed, but the latter he flagrantly infringed, for the compliments of inquiry from his numerous friends were accompanied with so many choice presents of venison, grouse, and char, and Prudence so well exerted her skill in making pasties, pots, and cranberry tarts, that the benefits resulting from abstemiousness were not

to be thought of in Cadmus's cure, which was, of course, considerably retarded.

Miss Rokeby, on her return home, related to her mother the accident which had befallen Crosthwaite, and to it was attributed the hurry and agitation of her spirits ; for she could not prevail on herself to mention those events of the day in which her heart was more nearly concerned. The next morning, when Mr. Rokeby asked her to ride over with him to Brougham, to visit Mrs. Crosthwaite, and inquire after her husband, she framed some slight excuse for remaining at home, for she dreaded meeting either Cyrus or Sibbald, of whose departure she was ignorant.

Cadmus was asleep when Mr. Rokeby visited the Castle ; of course he was not admitted to his chamber, but Cyrus was summoned from thence by Mrs. Crosthwaite, who could not suppose that he would feel otherwise than highly gratified in seeing one for whom, and for  
whose

whose family, he had ever expressed the highest esteem and respect. It is probable, however, that at the present juncture Cyrus would rather have been excused from seeing him; but at the same time the reluctance which he felt to doing so was counterbalanced by two motives. In the first place, he had too high a sense of justice to implicate Mr. Rokeby in the fault of his daughter; and in the next, his lofty spirit would never stoop to acknowledge, by either word or look, that he felt himself forsaken and rejected for a rival. - Urged then by these considerations, he obeyed the summons of Mrs. Crosthwaite, and followed her into the presence of Mr. Rokeby, who received him with his wonted kindness; and attributing the gloom which Dacre vainly strove to chase from his brow solely to the inquietude he suffered on Crosthwaite's account, he endeavoured to re-animate him with hopes of a speedy amendment—"However,"

added he, "as his recovery cannot be so rapid as our good wishes for it, I fear, my young friend, you intend to resign all thoughts of accompanying Idonea and me to Watermillock the day after to-morrow."

The mention of Watermillock, and of the excursion from which he had promised himself so much pleasure, brought back to the bosom of Cyrus the remembrance of the hopes, the happiness, and the confidence he had lost, and drew from thence a deep and heavy sigh.

The sigh could not pass the ear of Mr. Rokeby unobserved; but ignorant of the motive in which it originated, he very naturally imputed it to the disappointment Cyrus felt at being compelled to relinquish his intended visit.—"I regret that we cannot have the pleasure of your company," he resumed, "but *my* regret is nothing—is it, Cyrus?"

Dacre felt the full meaning implied in these few words. His heart beat tumultuously

tuously, but pride quickly expelled every other feeling from thence, and with little hesitation he replied—"I hope, sir, you do me the justice to believe that I at all times value your society highly; but I must confess that at present the chief regret I feel is not for being detained at home, but for the distressing cause which detains me."

"Well, well, young man, that shall pass *now*," said Mr. Rokeby, smiling archly; "but remember," he added, laying his hand on Cyrus's shoulder as he rose to go, "remember I prophesy that when our good friend Crosthwaite gets better, Mr. Dacre will find the banks of Ullswater more pleasant and more desirable than Brougham Castle."

Poor Cyrus felt his feelings rising to agony as the torturing remembrance passed over his mind, that he was an object of indifference to her whose presence would have made the shades of Ullswater pleasant indeed. No prospect of  
the

the future, no hope, no intention, now possessed a power to charm him; he might have exclaimed with the poet—

“She smil’d, and I could not but love;

Is faithless, and I am undone!”

He made no reply to Mr. Rokeby, but attended him in silence to the gate, where, in a faint voice, he commissioned him with such compliments and excuses to their friends at Watermillock as the occasion required, but never once breathed the name of Idonea—an omission which did not fail to attract the notice of her father, and only served to convince him that Cyrus felt the mortification of remaining at home too keenly for utterance; nor was it without a smile of meaning that he communicated to his daughter what had passed at this interview.

Idonea was deeply sensible of the marked contempt which Dacre had evinced in never once mentioning her name,  
yet



yet she disdained to notice the circumstance to her father, or to injure Cyrus in his opinion, by relating the reports she had received from Sibbald; but she thought, at least she persuaded herself she thought of him as one lost to honour and principle, and unworthy the consideration of a moment.

The intervening day wore over, and the one appointed for the journey to Watermillock arrived. Mr. Rokeby and his daughter were not to depart until eleven o'clock, and the fineness of the weather tempted Idonea to devote the morning hours to a solitary ramble. The first sweet promise of a beautiful day, mellowed by the tints of early autumn, and softened by a mild southern breeze, was opening around. Miss Rokeby pursued her way along the banks of the Eden, where every softer feature of rural beauty was alternately presented; the deep azure of the sky was reflected in the clear stream, and the fertile corn-

fields,

fields, waving with the rich treasures of harvest, now ripe for the sickle, were finely contrasted with the verdant meadows enamelled with wild flowers, and glittering with countless myriads of pearly dew-drops. Nor was the sight the only sense which received gratification in this lovely scene; the lark carolled high the matin song of nature, the plaintive note of the red-breast mingled with the twittering of innumerable swallows not yet fled in search of a more genial sky, and the harsh, sonorous notes of the kite, the rook, and the raven, joined in the concert of nature, which responded to the loud low of the cattle, and softer bleat of the sheep, who pastured with the deer on the banks of the river. The season and the scene were lovely and attractive, but they spoke of Cyrus. Idonea felt as if his image were no longer to be cherished. "At Watermillock no object will recal his idea," said she, mentally, and was turning to retrace

retrace her path homewards, when her steps were arrested by an oak tree, on which Dacre had engraven her name, and the following verses:—

Where Eden's soft murmuring flood

'Mongst Whinfield's green shades pours along,

I have worshipp'd the nymph of the wood,

And to her gentle ear tun'd my song.

Could the Eden of old be more sweet

Than these meadows, these groves, and these glades;

Or in beauty was Eve more complete

Than the fair who inhabits their shades?

The wealth of the East would I give,

And the world's brightest honours I'd leave,

Like Adam in Eden to live,

With Idonea, sweet maid, for my Eve.

As Miss Rokeby contemplated the well-known characters, every endearing circumstance of the past rose to her mind. She stood leaning against the tree, wrapt in pensive abstraction, until alarmed by a rustling amongst the thicket. She looked round, and beheld

Mr.

Mr. Dunning close to her side. Relieved from her apprehensions of seeing either Dacre or Sibbald, she addressed him with her wonted graceful sweetness, at the same time expressing her surprise at this meeting, having understood him to be in a different part of the country.

Dunning, in reply, apologized for having alarmed her, and accounted plausibly for being in Whinfield Park.

Miss Rokeby instinctively turned from the spot where the tree bore evidence to the strength of Dacre's attachment, but not time enough to prevent her companion from seeing the verses. He read them with marked but rapid attention, and then said, turning to his fair companion—"I do not call this a compliment, Miss Rokeby, since justice cannot be one."

Idonea offered no reply, and he led her, as if he wished it to appear undesignedly, from the spot. He seemed abstracted a few moments, and then repeated,

peated, as if still thinking of the verses—  
“Idonea! then you bear the name of  
your mother, Miss Rokeby?”

Idonea, with innocent candour, replied  
—“No, sir, my mother’s name is Lucy.”

Dunning regarded her, as it were, uncertain of her meaning; then, as if comprehending it, he said—“True, my dear madam, the lady whom you now call mother may be so named, but your own mother was Idonea. Oh! well do I know the name.”

Not for a moment could Miss Rokeby form any other supposition than that Dunning was talking thus under the influence of mistake, and willing to correct it, she replied—“I perceive, sir, you mean some other family—my mother is living.”

Her companion now in his turn regarded her with an aspect of surprise. “Is it possible she can have been educated in this ignorance?” he exclaimed; and then added, in a hurried tone—

“Pardon

“Pardon what I have said, Miss Rokeby, and think no more of it.”

With this injunction Idonea found it impossible to comply. Every emotion which can be classed with astonishment, consternation, and curiosity, pervaded her faculties, and without yielding a moment to reflection, she falteringly said—“Mr. Dunning, I conjure you to explain yourself; what is it you mean?”

After another short pause, apparently given to reflection, he said—“My dear Miss Rokeby, if I could for a moment believe that your father had hitherto kept you ignorant of your family-history, in the wish that you should always remain so, I should be the last person in the world to so far trespass on his wish as to make any disclosure on the subject; but aware that the circumstances I allude to cannot always be concealed from you, I feel myself called upon to explain what I have said, so far as to assure you, that your mother, the wife of  
Mr.



Mr. Rokeby, died the week which gave you birth ; and this fact either your father, or the lady who you have hitherto believed to be your parent, and who, I understand, is *called* Mrs. Rokeby, will confirm—indeed cannot deny.”

The firm, unhesitating manner in which these words were pronounced, conveyed to the mind of Idonea a perfect conviction of their truth, and with such conviction came a sensation so overwhelming, that her very nature seemed changed. That a mother, who from the earliest dawn of remembrance had been tenderness itself personified, should possess no claim to that most endearing of all titles ; and that a father, at all times so affectionately indulgent, had systematically deceived her in a point of such intimate concern, were strokes which her gentle nature was ill calculated to sustain. At one moment a weight of unutterable woe oppressed her, and in the next her belief felt inclined

clined to revolt ; but this faint dawn of hope was quickly chilled, for Dunning had referred her, for a confirmation of what he averred, to either her father, or to——and beyond all, she felt horror-struck by the emphasis he laid on the words, “ who is *called* Mrs. Rokeby.” Idonea would have spoken, would have urged a yet further explanation ; but grief, consternation, astonishment, and every other sentiment or sensation that could be classed with them, rivetted the power of utterance.

Her companion, rather as if feeling for her visible perturbation than as shunning the subject, changed the discourse to indifferent topics, as he continued to walk by the side of Idonea, who directed her steps homewards.

In about a quarter of an hour they were met by Ambrose, who was come in search of his young lady, when Dunning, to the great relief of Miss Rokeby,  
paid

paid the parting compliments, without offering to attend her home.

When she arrived there, her frame of mind may be supposed such as that of Adam

———“ when he heard

The fatal trespass done by Eve.”

Never hitherto had she met the partial smiles of her parents without delight, never parted from them, even for a short season, without tears of tender filial regret. But now, as her father affectionately expressed the reluctance with which he should leave her at Mr. Brisco's, and her mother fondly mingled embraces with cautions to guard her health, she felt her swelling heart rise almost to bursting. All that Dunning had said trembled on her lips, but a feeling not to be resisted repelled it back to its sad sanctuary, and she felt totally unequal to either make such a disclosure, or  
ask

ask the confirmation which he had told her she might receive from Mr. Rokeby.

Both saw the conflict in their Idonea's bosom, but totally unsuspecting of the true cause, they attributed it to the regret she felt that Cyrus was precluded from being of the party to Watermillock, and with a smiling mutual glance, told each other the conjecture.

"Nay, my love," said Mr. Rokeby, with a look of arch meaning, and affectionately kissing her cheek, "no need to be so very grave; trust me Dacre will follow you in a few days."

The mention of her lover, by recalling every circumstance that had occurred on the day of the stag-chase, augmented the tide of Idonea's anguish. Her spirit, yet a novice in care and suffering, sunk to the lowest point of depression, and she could only sob out an adieu to her mother, as Mr. Rokeby affectionately drew her hand within his, and led her to her horse.

As

As they pursued their journey, he strove to cheer her by pointing out every beauty of the landscape, in scenes replete with all that can charm the admirer of sublime or of rural scenery. Exercise, however, restored to her cheek the bloom of which anxiety had bereft it, and by the time they reached the house of Mr. Brisco, she *looked*, though, alas! she did not *feel*, herself.

This abode of quiet was a neat stuccoed dwelling, the white walls of which contrasted finely with the dark green of the sycamore and beech trees, whose branches were intermingled with the weeping sprays of the silver birch and the mountain ash, now graced with its autumnal honours. In front of the house, a sloping lawn descended to the margin of the lake, whilst a few scattered sheep cropping the turf, and some cattle reposing in the shade, gave animation to the picture. Beneath this roof a kind and cordial welcome, the characteristic of the

class and the individual in those remote counties, greeted the travellers.

Mr. Brisco shook the hand of his friend, and quitted it but to salute Idonea, to rally her on being unaccompanied by Cyrus, and to inquire solicitously after his old friend Crosthwaite, not without many a sly stroke at Cadmus's horsemanship; and then, with the pride of a parent glowing on his cheek, and sparkling in his eye, he presented his son.

Few men of that age could boast a finer form, or manners more graceful, than those of Lyulph Brisco. He was now about twenty-eight, tall, and formed with the most perfect symmetry, with brilliant dark eyes, fine teeth, and a sweet, intelligent countenance, over which his late ill-health had shed a languid expression. To that frank and open carriage which was hereditary as distinguishing the family of Brisco, he united that ease which an intercourse  
with



with the world seldom fails to bestow. He paid the most polite attention to Idonea, who would have thought him pleasing, could she have yielded her mind to think any thing but that Sibbald had said Dacre was vicious and depraved; and Dunning, that Mrs. Rokeby was not her mother.

Mrs. Brisco, almost equally proud of her accomplished son, and of the handsome Irish poplin with which he had presented her, now busied herself in placing her guests at a table covered with linen of her own manufacture, which rivalled in whiteness the snow on the top of Skiddaw. Every thing was excellent in its kind, but it must be admitted that each dish was in danger of being cold before the oration connected with it was pronounced.

The mutton was of the true mountain breed, and Mr. Brisco could no more suffer its history to pass un narrated, than he could his own adventures

in pursuit of the wild ducks he was then carving, and of the identical stag from whose antlers the handle of the knife he used was made. Nor was Mrs. Brisco at all behindhand in seasoning the repast of her guests with the same variety of description. The excellent eel-pie was made of the silver species, taken, as she assured them, in the river Eamont, by her son Arthur, on a dark, wet, stormy night, when no moon lent its cheering ray; whilst her mode of manufacturing cowslip and currant wines furnished a theme of elocution for nearly an hour.

These little peculiarities of advanced and secluded life were abundantly compensated by kind and sincere hospitality, whilst every deficiency of attention they caused was watched for and supplied by the two sons of Mrs. Brisco and her niece, Miss Stanley.

This lady, though only a few months the junior of her cousin Lyulph, was far inferior

inferior to her young friend Idonea in both natural and acquired talents. She possessed, however, in an eminent degree, those feminine graces, at the expense of which more splendid, though less valuable qualities are but too frequently purchased. Her disposition was sweet and gentle, and though their ages were so dissimilar, a very sincere friendship subsisted between her and Miss Rokeby.

Arthur, greatly improved by his residence at Glasgow, yet retaining all his native sprightly good-humour, exerted himself to enliven the party, and the day wore pleasantly over with all but Idonea, who now for the first time learned that painful lesson which experience seldom fails to give, the necessity of masking beneath a smiling face a wounded and bleeding heart.

## CHAPTER X.



VAIN was every effort of Idonea to banish from her mind the communications of Dunning; they haunted her through the day, and in the darkness and silence of night her burthened mind persuaded itself that she ought not to suffer her father to depart without disclosing them to him. With this view she contrived to draw Mr. Rokeby into the garden after breakfast, assured she had courage to enter on the subject. But though privacy and opportunity conspired, yet now, when come to the point, she faltered and hesitated.

Mr. Rokeby perceived her confusion and embarrassment, and supposing she wished to mention Dacre, sought to relieve her by saying, in a rallying tone—

“Come,

“Come, come, Idonea, tell me at once what I shall say to Cyrus.”

The mention of that name acted as an impellent, and anxious to exonerate herself from the suspicion of having Dacre ever on her lips and in her mind, she summoned the best powers of her resolution, and inquired if her father knew Mr. Dunning?

“Dunning!” repeated Mr. Rokeby; “oh! what, the gentleman who was on a visit at Crosthwaite’s? No, I don’t know him,” and he smiled, supposing the theme of her discourse still extracted from persons and circumstances connected with Cyrus.

The smile bewildered Idonea, for, not perceiving its origin, she was tempted to think that her father *did* know one who seemed so intimately acquainted with his most secret transactions. After the pause of a moment she subjoined—  
“He knows you, however, sir, and my  
K 4 mother

mother also," she added in breathless trepidation.

"Does he?" responded Mr. Rokeby, with some degree of surprise, or rather of a more thoughtful interest marked on his countenance. "Dunning, Dunning," he repeated, as if to assist recollection; "no, I do not remember ever having been acquainted with any one who was so called; when and where does he say he knew us, Idonea? and why, in that case, did he not visit us at Temple-Sowerby, when invited to come with Mr. Sibbald?"

Idonea was preparing to throw herself into her father's arms, to breathe on his bosom all that Dunning had said, and to hear from his lips a refutation which she would receive as joy, or a confirmation that would be agony, when Lyulph Brisco appeared in the walk coming towards them. Mr. Rokeby took his arm, and entered into discourse, doubtless



doubtless never suspecting that his daughter had any particular communication to make ; whilst Idonea shrank, as it were, within herself, and as she was not another moment alone with her father before his departure, Dunning's dreadful tale remained buried in her own bosom.

The progress of Cadmus's convalescence was slow ; but as it proceeded, the repugnance of Dacre to keeping his engagement, and joining the party at Watermillock, gradually died away, and at the end of a fortnight, when convinced that Crosthwaite was out of danger, he heard with joy his sentence of enfranchisement pronounced by that gentleman himself, who declared, that as his recovery was now proceeding without comperendination, of which his being able to manducate was a conclusive proof, he would not any longer occlude his young friend, who having impignored his word to Mr. and Mrs. Brisco,

it would look like tergiversation if he delayed any longer to congregate them.

Dacre eagerly availed himself of this sanction; but so much was he, in this instance, the dupe of self-deception, that he never placed his eagerness to the account of Idonea, of whom he persuaded himself he thought with augmented contempt. Burbeck had told him, that on the morning of her departure she was walking in the park with Dunning; and though his age precluded all supposition that he was of the order of her admirers, he concluded that, as the friend of Sibbald, he was admitted to her confidence; and under this conviction he felt firmly assured that not Miss Rokeby, but his friend Arthur, was the magnet which attracted him to the banks of Ullswater.

Such was the frame of mind in which he reached the house of Mr. Brisco. Mrs. Brisco received him alone; it was within an hour of the dinner one. Mr. Brisco had not returned from the circuit

cuit of his grounds, and the young folks, she said, were on the lake.

Cyrus, glad to be thus spared the pain of an abrupt interview with Idonea, as he took the refreshments kindly presented to him, entered into chat with the lady of the house, who found theme enough in the improvement of her sons, and inquiries after Crosthwaite and the Rokebys, to the last of which Dacre was enabled to give satisfactory replies, having been at Temple-Sowerby the preceding morning:

In less than half an hour Cyrus perceived his friend Arthur's well-known boat making towards the shore. His heart beat violently as, unperceived, he watched its approach; the barge grounded, the party prepared to land, and he beheld his Idonea conducted by a graceful and elegant stranger. An emotion passed over his features which Mrs. Brisco, who was watching their expres-

sion, interpreted to be that of surprise, not unmingled with awe.

“It is Lyulph,” she said, in a tone of triumph.

“I presumed so,” replied Cyrus, and subjoined a compliment on his striking figure, highly flattering to the gratified mother.

Not such were Dacre’s feelings as he contemplated the handsome pair. Miss Rokeby hung on the arm of Lyulph, conversing with vivid animation, her eyes raised to his, and her face dressed in smiles. He appeared to listen with correspondent interest. His mountain-dress was well calculated to display his form to advantage; and, with the basket which contained the finny spoils of the morning swung over his shoulder, he looked like a native of the classic shores of Greece.

The party entered, and mutual introductions and inquiries took place. Ido-  
nea

nea looked half reluctant to remember animosity, yet too proud to seek reconciliation, and in those sentiments she was exactly met by Cyrus. But, as is generally the case, when cordiality declines, politeness took its place, and the manners of Mr. Dacre and Miss Rokeby, as they respected each other, were marked by an excess of complaisance when before company; but if at any time chance left them alone together, both remained profoundly silent.

A fortnight now wore over pleasantly enough, save that the assertions of Dunning and Sibbald still haunted the ears of Idonea, and the yellow thorn of jealousy again sprung up in the path of Cyrus.

In all their rides and rambles through these romantic and delightful shades,

“Those noble scenes Salvator’s soul ador’d,”

captain Brisco was ever by the side of Miss Rokeby. His elegant taste pointed

ed out to her observation the numerous striking views with which Sowbarrow Park and its charming vicinity abound; and amidst the stillness of evening, when sailing on the lake, his fine tenor voice united with the yet sweeter one of Idonea, and woke the surrounding echoes. Lyulph blew the French-horn with masterly skill, and when five times reverberated back, its notes contrasted admirably with the soft breathings of Cyrus's flute. The trio might have been sketched for Diana, Apollo, and Mars; whilst Arthur, as he chanted aloud some rural ditty, seemed the Pan of the groves.

Captain Brisco's health continued to amend. His refined elegance of manners prompted him at all times to assume the appearance of cheerfulness, and compel himself to be conversible; but it was impossible for an accurate observer not to perceive that there was something sadly pensive in his character. He was sometimes quite abstracted in thought;



thought ; a sigh often stole from his bosom ; and he passed much of his time alone. Arthur asserted that his brother had left his heart in Ireland, but Mr. and Mrs. Brisco either did not see the gloom which shaded his spirits, or seeing, did not conceive its source to be mental, but attributed it to the state of his health, whilst Isabella appeared to sympathize in, and to wish its removal.

Dacre scrutinized the manners and conduct of Brisco with rigid and searching attention, and, it may be, viewing them through the jaundiced and distorting medium of jealousy, saw much both to fear and censure. He certainly could not build his opinion on very solid grounds, opportunity only presenting casual matters for observation. That Brisco was forcibly attracted by the charms of Miss Rokeby, Cyrus did not doubt ; and disposed as he was to deem her a coquette, he believed she encouraged his passion.

Though

Though bearing a commission in the English army, Lyulph seemed, in every conversation on the subject, to be strongly biassed in favour of the Catholics. This indeed was so obvious, that his brother Arthur more than once smilingly hinted it to him; and beyond these points Dacre suspected him of a too free and unlimited admiration of female beauty. This he grounded on the following circumstances.

It was one of those soft and shadowy days so frequent in autumn. No breath of wind ruffled the lake, or scattered the fleecy clouds. Arthur had gone with his father to Keswick; Mrs. Brisco was busied at home; and Isabella, Idonea, Lyulph, and Cyrus, set out on a long ramble. They traced the winding shores of the lake, alternately over rough and broken crags, through smooth green pastures, and beneath the dark umbrage of woods, whose foliage now presenting every shade of colouring, strewed their  
varied

varied path. The scenery around was all that fancy can form of grand and sublime. On one side, the mountains rose abrupt, stupendous, and immense ; their bases clothed with verdure and cultivation, and their awful summits enveloped in clouds, which rested as it were on oaks of such a growth and appearance of antiquity, that they might have been taken for primeval tenants of these sequestered domains ; on the other, the clear mirror of the lake, formed into bays by the rocky promontories which shot into its bosom, broke on the pebbled shore, and met the shady, but now-faded copses which hung over them. Here the glowing berries of the mountain-ash were contrasted by the last brown clusters of nuts which Lyulph, as they pursued their leaf-woven walk, gathered and presented to Miss Rokeby. The squirrel, frightened from his domains by these lawless invaders, leaped in terror from branch to branch. The  
late

late gay choristers of the woods, the thrush, the linnet, and the blackbird, sat silent on the branches; but the heron was screaming around, the osprey was diving for his finny prey, and the wild geese were winging their figured flight.

Amused by these and numerous other objects, they extended their stroll till captain Brisco's weakened frame bore testimony of its length, and he was compelled to stop and lean against a tree.

Miss Stanley, who was at all times very attentive to his feelings, inquired if he were fatigued. Unable to deny what was visible in his countenance, he faintly smiled an affirmative.

"Then we will rest ourselves yonder," resumed Isabella, pointing to a cottage, the white walls of which appeared amongst the trees to the right, at the distance of forty yards.

Lyulph took the arm of Cyrus, and they bent their course towards it.

"Now,"

“Now,” said Miss Stanley, smiling on Idonea, “expect to see a rural beauty. Hannah Harrop was the belle of Ullswater before her marriage, which only took place about a year since. Her husband is a very industrious, worthy lad, and I apprehend she makes him a better wife than professed beauties generally do, when they move in more enlarged circles.”

Hannah fully justified this eulogium. Her features were not only regularly beautiful, but wore an expression of intelligence which would never have been looked for in one whose life-scene was laid in a retirement and obscurity which might well be termed seclusion. She carried in her arms a lovely infant of two months old, and looked altogether so mild, so innocent, and so interesting, that Idonea was charmed, but Lyulph, Cyrus thought, was more.

Wherever apology, introduction, social chat, or casual, desultory conversation,

tion, were requisite, his polished manners, so well inured to life and its modes, were ever ready and prominent; but when they entered this cottage, and his eyes rested on the fair rustic, a glow of crimson rushed to his cheek, and whilst Miss Stanley, to whom Hannah was well known, explained that her cousin was fatigued with a long walk, and Hannah, with an urbanity more to be valued than the most exquisite politeness, inasmuch as it had goodness of heart and sincerity for its basis, busied herself to present him with refreshments, his eyes pursued her round the apartment with such an expression as cannot be defined; it was ardent, it was tender, it spoke from the soul! but no, Cyrus would not allow that it merited to derive its origin from thence.

He seemed at length to recollect himself, took the milk and oat-cake from her hand, thanked her with his wonted grace,



grace, and during the half-hour they sat in the cottage, talked to her with cheerful animation.

"Now is she not very charming?" said Miss Stanley, when they had got to some distance from the cottage.

"Truly so," replied Idonea.

"I little expected to have seen so fine a woman in Cumberland," said Lyulph.

"That," thought Cyrus, "is a speech without reflection, or he never would have made it in the presence of Miss Rokeby, whom he certainly admires." Lyulph, he concluded, thought so too, for he instantly changed the topic of conversation, and no more was said on the subject.

A few days after this, Lyulph proposed to his brother and Cyrus a morning's shooting, saying he felt himself strong enough for such an expedition.

They set out with hope and glee, but were disappointed. Game was scarce, and  
after

after a circuitous and nearly successful ramble of three hours, they came within sight of Hannah Harrop's cottage.

"Yonder is the dwelling of Isabella's rustic friend," said captain Brisco; "I am completely wearied, and will rest myself there; and when you are tired of this useless pursuit, you can join me."

Without waiting for a reply, he swung his gun across his shoulder, whistled his favourite spaniel after him, and, with more alacrity than might have been expected, traced the path to the cottage.

There was not certainly any thing very extraordinary, or any palpable appearance of evil in this; but Cyrus, either very penetrating or very suspicious, had a notion there was, and could not help thinking that Lyulph, who had chosen this road himself, had done so on purpose.

He and Arthur wandered about two miles further, and then returned to the cottage by another way. On their entrance

trance they found its owners seated with Lyulph by the fire. Harrop was examining captain Brisco's fowling-piece, and recounting his own sporting exploits. Hannah, with her infant in her lap, was listening with smiling tenderness, and Lyulph, his head reclined back, and wearing a pensive expression of countenance, seemed half attentive and half abstracted.

"Surely," thought Cyrus, "I injure him; he never can be villain enough to seek the destruction of such peace and happiness as reigns here. Yet that look the other day, and this visit—they cannot be mistaken."

Captain Brisco, on the entrance of his friends, roused himself from his meditating attitude, and joined in the conversation which ensued, concerning hares, foxes, and otters, and Arthur proposed otter-hunting for the next morning's diversion.

Lyulph and Cyrus agreed, and Harrop,

rop, who was an adept in the sport, promised to be of the party.

## CHAPTER XI.

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THE hunters were by the side of the lake when the beams of the tardy and now-blunted sun first played on its waters. The hoar-frost still bound the grass, and the dew-drops hung on every spray. The autumnal gale blew keen and sharp; the kite and the fishing eagle, startled from their prey, buffeted the air with their strong pinions; and those animals which man, in his merciless rage for pleasure, has marked out for the objects of pursuit, retreated to their coverts; the fox skulked in his cave of the rock, and the hare sought her wonted shelter in the thickly-woven furze and broom.

Lyulph

Lyulph and Cyrus prepared the boat, whilst Arthur and Harrop cheered their dogs, and soon roused an otter from his soft, oozy bed in the bank. To him the water was a congenial element, and following the means taught by nature for his preservation, he rushed to it. The hunters pursued, and putting off from the shore, watched the moment when, and the spot where, he should rise to the surface to take breath. His dark muzzle soon appeared, and Lyulph, who happened to be nearest, raised his arm to strike him; but ardent for victory, he neglected his own safety, and the consequence was, he over-reached himself, and was plunged headlong in the lake. His friends were struck with consternation and dismay, aware that though he was an excellent swimmer, he was too weak for that circumstance to be of much avail; but Cyrus yielding to the impulse of the moment, jumped in after him, and at the imminent hazard of his

own life, assisted the efforts he made to save himself. Their struggle was arduous, but ultimately successful; they reached the shore in safety, but Lyulph was so much exhausted that he could only thank his preserver by an eloquent look, and a pressure of the hand.

On reaching home he was immediately put to bed, and Mrs. Brisco, with every genuine and fervent display of gratitude to Cyrus, insisted that he should use the same precaution. A surgeon was sent for, who bled them both, and gave every proper direction; but Lyulph continued seriously indisposed, and Cyrus had taken a considerable degree of cold, so that both were confined invalids to the house for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisco, Isabella, and Arthur, loved Lyulph with the tenderest affection; and their acknowledgments of gratitude to Cyrus were proportioned to the strength of this attachment, whilst
Lyulph

Lyulph himself evinced the most lively sense of obligation to Daeré, who felt little disposed to take credit to himself for what he had done ; but he could not help thinking that no one seemed to attach so little merit to the action as Miss Rokeby. She descanted on the danger captain Brisco had escaped, fervently expressed her joy in his safety, and appeared to sympathize in his sufferings ; but when his deliverer was praised, she looked another way, and remained silent.

“ I no longer possess the preference I once flattered myself with,” thought Cyrus ; “ but no matter.” Lyulph, he could not help thinking, was more than ever pointed in his admiration of Idonea. True, it might be, that the circumstance of his being more at home from ill-health and increasing shortness of day impelled the natural and habitual politeness of his temper to those little attentions which the too-sensitive heart of his friend thus construed. However,

the pensive tone of his spirits seemed daily to augment. He frequently received letters from Ireland, and expressed a strong wish to go thither, but his medical directors prohibited such a step at present. He appeared to have forgotten Hannah Harrop, for though her husband often called on him, he never took their cottage in either his walks or rides. "I certainly formed a wrong supposition on that point," thought Cyrus; "yet that look——" and again he decided that it could not be mistaken.

The term of grace which had been allowed to Arthur was now expired; and though most reluctant to leave his brother, he was compelled to return to Glasgow. Idonea had protracted her stay beyond the period originally intended, and her father, tired of her absence, wrote to name a day when he should be at Watermillock to escort her home. Dacre also made his arrangements to return to Brougham at the same time; not,

not, he felt persuaded, because Idonea was leaving Ullswater; no, he spurned the idea. But why should he linger there when his friend had quitted it, and when Mr. Crosthwaite, now perfectly recovered from his broken shoulder, had wrote to tell him so, and to say that he wished to see him without further comperendination, if that could be evitated?

Three days only had now to pass before the one named for Mr. Rokeby's arrival, when Idonea, Cyrus, and Lyulph, took an evening walk by the side of the lake.

The hour and the scene presented all those lovely and peculiar features of declining autumn which accord so finely with a cultivated mind and a feeling heart.

The last rays of the sun, mellowed by the evening dews, illuminated the rustic casements of the surrounding cottages, and painted the distant mountains with such a beauty, richness, and variety of

colouring, 'as spurn all efforts of description. The sear and saddened copses were only vocal with the plaintive notes of the redbreast; for he alone, of the tuneful choir of nature, remained to warble the evening orison.

Suddenly the noisy flight of a heron drew the attention of Brisco and Dacre, and led them to some distance, whilst Idonea sought a rustic seat which was often the boundary of her rambles. Overhead a lofty sycamore spread its thick branches, now retaining only a faded remnant of that foliage which matted the moistened ground. The lake, clear as a Venetian mirror, its surface not indented by the smallest motion or corrugation, presented every object just described with an effect and precision which left reality only to be demonstrated by the sense of feeling—to that of sight it appeared like the delusions of enchantment; every feature of the landscape was perfect and unmutilated; the

the milk retained its whiteness in the well-poised pail of the milk-maid; and the faint grey smoke of the evening fire curled from the cottage tops. The scene was inspiration, and Idonea, unable to resist the soft whisperings of the muse, pencilled the following

Sonnet to the Shades of Ullswater.

Elysium of the North ! thy shadowy groves,
Thy hills majestic, and thy leaf-strewn bowers;
Are scenes Idonea's pensive spirit loves
To linger through in these autumnal hours.

In old, unletter'd times the hunter's foot
Has pac'd these lofty cliffs and silvan shades;
Pursued the fleet-wing'd grouse, or timorous coot,
Or track'd the wild deer to the secret glades.

Here chiefs oppos'd, and rival warriors bled !
The bold moss-trooper here conceal'd his spoils,
And here has many an exile's sorrowing head
Sought a sad refuge from life's cares and toils.

Ah ! so would I, might fate grant such relief,
Here hide a bleeding heart pierc'd deep with many a grief.

“Make those griefs mine, my charming angel,” said a voice close to Idonea.

She started in wild terror; it was the voice of Sibbald! Surprised and offended by this insolent intrusion, she was beginning to express her displeasure, when he prevented her by a rhapsody of nonsense, uttered in his bold way, and in a tone which seemed to indicate that he felt assured of not only an attentive, but a willing audience. It expressed, or at least was intended to express, his admiration, what had been his sufferings in absence, and his joy at this meeting; but Miss Rokeby listened no longer than until she could recover from the first emotion of surprise; she then repelled the attempt he was making to seize her hand, and inquired, with every token of displeasure, why her retirement was thus broken in upon?

“The presence of a friend is never intrusion, fair Idonea,” he replied; “the last time I enjoyed this happiness we were
cruelly

cruelly interrupted by that fellow Dacre. Oh, I have much to tell you about him!"

This unprovoked attack on the character of Cyrus struck conviction to the mind of Miss Rokeby, that the former reports of Sibbald concerning him originated only in jealousy or malignity, and, of course, were totally unfounded. With much of indignation in her manner, she said—"Sir, I am convinced that you have done Mr. Dacre the highest injustice, and, as his friend, I shall deem it my duty to acquaint Mr. Crosthwaite with——"

"My charming angel," Sibbald began. His manner alarmed Idonea, and she screamed.

Cyrus, who was at no great distance, though he had not seen Sibbald, flew to the spot. Idonea clasped his arm; he drew her towards him, and while, by the act, he seemed to assure her of his protection, he sternly asked Sibbald why

he was thus terrifying and distressing Miss Rokeby?

“I am not accountable to you for my actions,” he haughtily replied.

Captain Brisco now came up, and hearing his last words, said—“But you shall be so to me, sir, so far as concerns this lady, who, as the guest of my mother, I am bound to defend from insult.”

“Who are you, sir?” rudely questioned Sibbald. “What,” he rejoined, “two against one! that is too bad.”

Cyrus now took up the cause, and telling Sibbald that his behaviour was not that of a gentleman, insisted that he should retire.

“Insolent scoundrel! shall I do so at your bidding?” he exclaimed, and raised a stick which he held in his hand to strike Dacre.

Idonea shrieked, and fainted in the arms of Lyulph.

Cyrus arrested the blow, and wrestling the cane from the hand of his antagonist,

gonist, first exercised it on the shoulders of its owner, and then snapping it in two, threw it into the lake.

Sibbald, wrought up to a frenzy of passion, now challenged Cyrus to meet him at seven next morning, on the spot where they then were, with pistols and a friend.

Dacre, too much exasperated to listen to reason, which might have pleaded that Sibbald was beneath his resentment, or to conscience, which would have told him that no provocation can justify duelling, accepted the challenge as readily as it was given, and Brisco pledged himself to be his second.

Lyulph possessed a heart by no means dead to feeling, or hardened to the finer emotions of humanity; but, like many military men, he thought single combat the only balsam for wounded honour. Some however there are, who, though inured to war as a profession, and accustomed to talk of scenes of carnage

and slaughter as matters of course, yet turn with just abhorrence from this savage and detestable violation of religion and social order.

Sibbald having thrown down the gauntlet in the manner described, next thought fit to make his retreat. This he was secure of doing unmolested, for Brisco and Dacre were too much occupied with Miss Rokeby to attend to his motions. Lyulph supported her, while Cyrus brought water from the lake, with which they bathed her face and hands, and used such other measures as were calculated to restore her faculties, in which they at length succeeded. Her first glance was directed in search of Sibbald. This Lyulph perceived, and assured her he was no longer near. Revived by this assurance, and happily ignorant, from the state of insensibility she had been in, of the appointment made for the next morning, she begged to be led home. Her companions sooth-
ed

ed her with every tender attention, and each presented an arm. As they walked on, she felt it due to herself to describe the way in which she had been surprised by Sibbald, suppressing, however, all mention of what he had said concerning Dacre.

Her friends, aware that her spirits were already too much agitated, would scarcely allow her to give the narrative, but led the discourse to other subjects.

The evening was closing fast, and they had nearly reached the house, when they were met by a boy who assisted Harrop in the business of his farm. He addressed captain Brisco, and telling him, in his rustic dialect, that he had been to the house to seek him, drew him aside, and pulling a letter from his bosom, put it into his hand, at the same time saying something to him in a low voice.

Miss Rokeby and Dacre mechanically stopped at a short distance to wait for their companion. Though it was now dusk,

dusk, Cyrus had a perfect view of Lyulph's features, and clearly saw that as he perused the letter, they expressed a very powerful degree of emotion.

Painful to the well-regulated mind of Cyrus was the commentary which he read on this. Harrop, he knew, was gone to a fair in the vicinity of Carlisle, from whence he could not return before the following evening. His wife was at home, and most probably alone.

Corroborating testimony is, in all cases, allowed its due weight; and when Brisco's former visits to their cottage, and that look which Cyrus could never forget, were combined with the present circumstance, he thought it would not be a breach of charity to suspect, but of common sense to doubt, that the paper now in Lyulph's hand contained an assignation; and he felt pained to the soul, that such a mind as that of Brisco should be enslaved by the most criminal and detestable passions, and yet more
that

that so much beauty as Hannah Harrop possessed, and so much innocence as lately distinguished her, should have become his victim.

Lyulph, when he had read his letter, seemed at once to depart from that polished good-breeding which marked his character, and which, at any other time, would certainly have prompted him to attend Idonea home. Turning hastily to her, he said in a hurried voice—"My dear Miss Rokeby, I am sure your goodness will excuse me; a particular friend of mine is now——" Here he suddenly checked himself, and then subjoined—"wishes to see me immediately. Mr. Dacre will attend you." Then without waiting her reply, or in any way noticing Cyrus, he slightly bowed, and with more alacrity than his friends had seen him use since his plunge in the lake, sprang over a stile, and took the nearest path to Hannah's dwelling.

Cyrus shuddered as he thought of
Harrop,

Harrop, while Idonea's pure mind formed no conjecture to the disadvantage of any party, but thought the letter was from some gentleman with whom Lyulph was acquainted.

Left thus alone with Dacre, a pause of silence ensued. She could not address a sentence to her lover, and Cyrus sedulously repelled the impulse which would have prompted him to clasp his long-loved Idonea to his heart, and to whisper—"Why is that confidence, that affection I valued so highly, withdrawn from me?"

Miss Rokeby at length felt her situation too painful, and resolved to say something, but she happened to choose a very unpropitious theme to break silence with.

"Don't you think captain Brisco seems very much recovered?" she inquired.

"It appears so, if one may judge by the agility with which he could leap
that

that stile," returned Dacre, with visible irony of manner.

"Oh, how Cyrus is changed!" thought Idonea; "there was a time when he would have rejoiced in whatever good attended any of his friends, but now he is grown so stern, so morose——" Yet determined not to appear as if perceiving any thing extraordinary in his mode of reply, she proceeded to say—"I rejoice, on his mother's account, that he is so; she is dotingly fond of him, and he is truly an amiable character."

"He is very fortunate in getting you to think so, Miss Rokeby," replied Cyrus, with a coldness so like contempt, that Idonea, unable to account for it, felt it to her soul. An unwelcome tear asserted its right to flow, and no longer able to repress her feelings, she said in a faltering voice—"Oh Cyrus, why is this? why is the confidence which used to subsist between us on all subjects, and concerning every person, at an end?"

and

and why," she added, with augmented emotion, "why am I Miss Rokeby, and no longer Idonea? Believe me I have never intentionally offended you;" and while she spoke she felt humiliated by an internal conviction that she had injured Dacre by listening to the reports of Sibbald, for that he was entirely guiltless of the heavy charge of having boasted of her regard.

Cyrus would have answered—"Why, then, did I once hear you speak of me to Sibbald with such marked contempt?" and Idonea would have exonerated herself by candidly relating all that Sibbald had said, but they were now at the door, where Mrs. Brisco was looking out for them.

"Where is Lyulph?" she inquired; "Harrop's lad was asking for him a little while ago."

Cyrus felt as if the blood congealed at his heart. "Captain Brisco met him, and returned with him, madam," he replied;

plied ; “ a particular friend, he said, wished to see him directly.”

“ Who can it be ? ” she rejoined.

They had by this time entered the parlour, where supper was ready.

“ Come, come,” said Mr. Brisco, “ we wont wait for him ; he’ll be here presently.”

They sat down to table, and half an hour wore over. Idonea did not think it necessary to mention Sibbald to the Briscos ; but his behaviour, combined with that of Cyrus during their walk home, had so much affected her spirits, that she anxiously wished it were time to retire.

Supper, which was little honoured by any one but Mr. Brisco, was scarcely over, when a heavy rain began to fall. Mrs. Brisco became anxiously uneasy concerning the absence of her son, and was on the point of dispatching a servant with a great-coat to Hannah’s cottage, when a note was delivered to Cyrus,

rus, which was brought by Harrop's boy on horseback. It was written with a pencil, evidently in haste, and to the following effect:—

“ My dear Dacre, a very intimate friend, as I told you at parting, is now with me; and as the night is likely to prove wet, we shall remain where we are. Have the goodness to tell my mother this, and desire she will not be uneasy on my account. I shall be punctual to your appointment in the morning; my pistols are entirely at your service; you will find them, loaded, in the left drawer of my bureau.

Yours sincerely,

L. B.

“P.S. On second thoughts you had better call on me at Harrop's, lest I should be beyond the time.”

Cyrus obeyed the directions contained
in

in this note, and told Mrs. Brisco that he had received a few lines from her son, who requested she would feel no anxiety on his account, being, together with a friend, detained at Harrop's, where they should sleep. The badness of the weather reconciled her to this step of Lyulph's, but she wondered aloud who was with him.

No one could form a conjecture on the subject, except Cyrus, and he, it will readily be supposed, kept his to himself; but Miss Stanley said—"Surely it will be inconvenient to Hannah, for Harrop is not at home."

Idonea, when she retired to rest, revolved the events of the day, and cheered by the light spirits of youth, found, or fancied she found, more cause for joy than grief. She was convinced that what Sibbald had said concerning Dacre was false; and from thence she inferred the possibility, she thought probability, that Dunning's strange assertions on the
subject

subject of her parents were false also. Yet, alas! the reflection of a moment told her that she had little to build hope upon, for Cyrus, it seemed evident, no longer loved her, and the positive, unequivocal words of Dunning rose to memory with a force not to be repelled. "Your mother, the wife of Mr. Rokeby, died the week which gave you birth, and this fact either your father, or the lady who you have hitherto believed to be your parent, and who I understand is *called* Mrs. Rokeby, will confirm, indeed cannot deny."

All she could resolve upon was, with regard to the latter point, to pursue her intention of opening her heart to her father when she should get home, and to tell him all that Dunning had said; and as to Cyrus, she determined in her own mind to take the earliest opportunity of following up the advances she had already made towards a reconciliation. But, ah! had Idonea known whither, and
on

on what errand, he was going in the morning, how great would have been her sufferings !

The mind of Cyrus too was actively busy whilst waiting, till certain that all the family had retired to rest, that he might search for the pistols without exciting observation, which, however, he might easily do, the chamber of Lyulph (as is common in old houses) communicating with his own. Like Miss Rokeby, he felt very much disposed to avail himself of her overtures for an amnesty, and would have regretted the interruption which had been given to their discourse by the termination of their walk, had not the dreadful idea of what was to take place in the morning obtruded itself, and with a groan of anguish he said mentally—" Oh! better is it that Idonea should think me, as she now does, cold and indifferent, whether or not I possess her affection, than that, attached to me, as I believe she once was, she should

see

see me, as I may be to-morrow, hurried to an untimely grave, or living with a conscience burthened by the weight of blood."

Then, unable to bear the sad pictures which his imagination had drawn, he endeavoured to persuade himself that neither fire would take effect, or at most would terminate in one of the parties being slightly wounded; and in that case he resolved, immediately on his return home, to solicit the permission of Crosthwaite to ask of Mr. Rokeby the hand of his lovely daughter, if, indeed, as he now flattered himself he had only fancied, she had not transferred her affections to captain Brisco.

From contemplations like these he was roused by the sound of twelve o'clock. He started with surprise at the lateness of the hour, and hastily passed to the apartment of Lyulph, in search of the pistols. He could not recollect one former instance of his having performed

formed any voluntary action with tardiness, but now an insupportable load of guilt seemed to clog his footsteps. He found the pistols according to direction, and close beside them lay the resemblance of Hannah Harrop, drawn by the hand of Lyulph.

Dacre, though he could not be surprised, was shocked. He took up the portrait, and saw that on the other side of the paper was a drawing of her residence, with the beautiful scenery around. They were not, however, finished pieces, but rather seemed intended as sketches to copy from. Cyrus threw them down in disgust, though they could not give him a stronger conviction of Brisco's guilt than he had before. "And this is the man whose life I saved," said he mentally, whilst conscience whispered—"Arraign not his crimes, when in a few hours your own hand may be embrued in blood."

He closed the drawer, and returning

to his chamber, threw himself into bed, not to sleep. At such a crisis he could not hope to find repose, but to wear away the time until he should rise to meet Sibbald.

END OF VOL. I.

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